

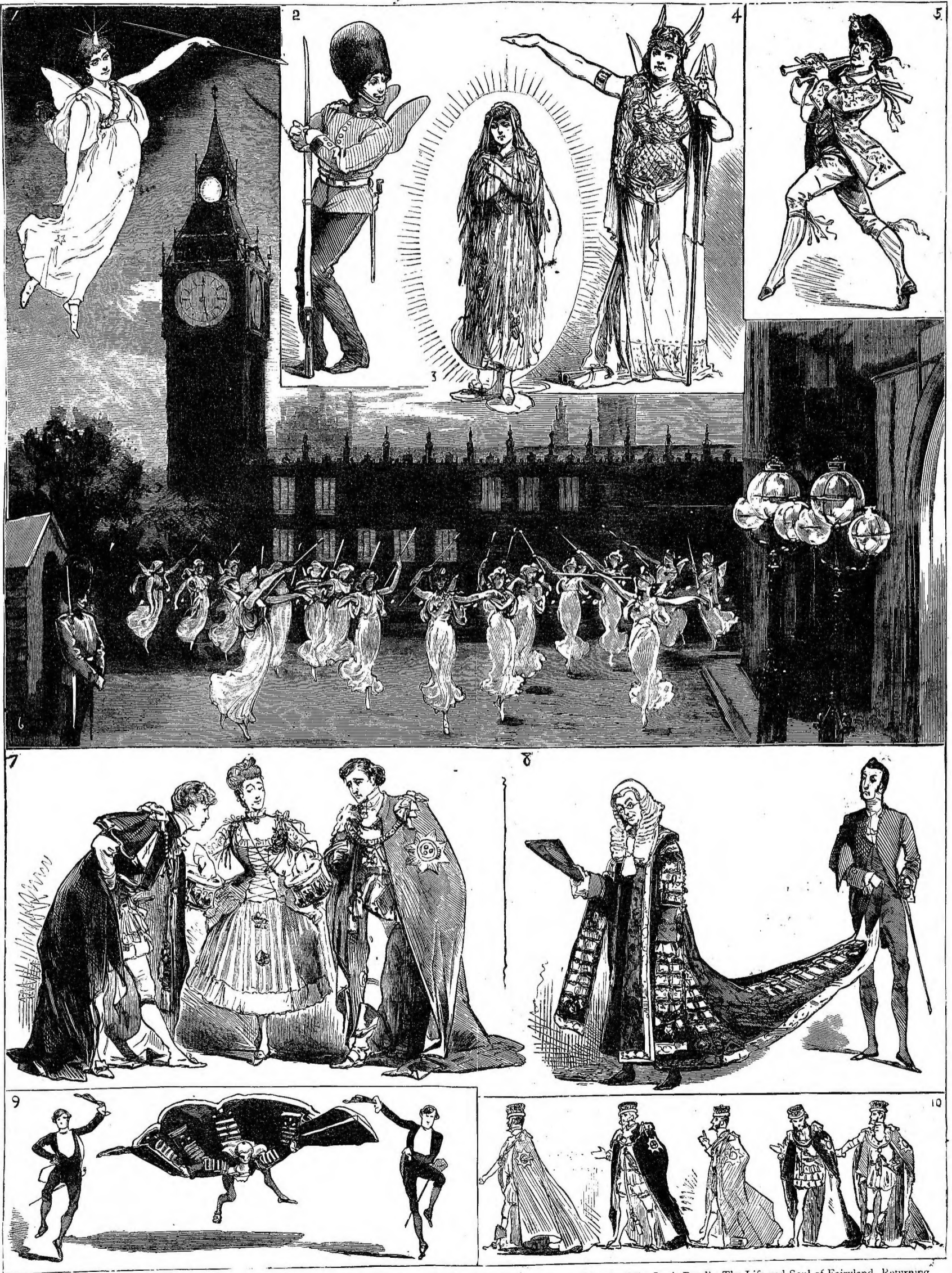
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1882

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE SIXPENCE
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1. Leila (Miss Julia Gwynne), One of Strephon's Aunts.—2. Private Willis, Grenadier Guard (Mr. Manners).—3. Iolanthe (Miss Jessie Bond) : The Life and Soul of Fairyland, Returning from Penal Servitude.—4. A Very Influential Fairy (Miss Alice Barnett).—5. Strephon, M.P. (Mr. R. Temple).—6. Act II. Fairy Invasion of Palace Yard.—7. Phyllis, a Ward of Court (Miss Braham), Sees Nothing in the Coronets of Lords Mountarat and Tolloller (Messrs. Barrington and Lely).—8. A Highly Susceptible Chancellor (Mr. George Grossmith).—9. "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady."—10. Pillars of the British Nation.

"IOLANTHE" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

Topics of the Week

RECESS SPEECHES.—The recess this year will be very brief, yet it has already been marked by an unusually large number of political "utterances." First there was Lord Derby's speech; then came Mr. Forster's speeches; and on Tuesday last Mr. Chamberlain delivered a long address which was evidently the result of very careful preparation. In two or three weeks Mr. Gladstone is to repeat on a small scale his famous Midlothian campaign. All this activity seems to imply that the Liberals are determined to take full advantage of their present popularity; and there is no reason to doubt that they have before them a period of brilliant success. Except Lord Salisbury, the Conservatives have not a single orator who commands so much attention as the Liberal leaders; and, besides, the country is not in the quiescent mood which is necessary for Conservative supremacy. A considerable number of important measures have received the sanction of the majority of Englishmen; and until they are passed the functions of the Conservatives will necessarily be limited to criticism. Mr. Gladstone's speeches will, of course, produce a far more powerful impression than those of any of his colleagues and followers; but in the mean time several things which have been lately said have had an excellent effect. Nothing, for instance, could be better in its way than the tone in which Lord Derby and Mr. Forster spoke about the demands of the Home Rulers. Both of these statesmen declared in the plainest and most decisive manner that, while they were willing to consider measures for the benefit of Ireland, they would never consent to the establishment of an Irish Parliament; and they deprecated the use of language on this subject which could by any possibility be misunderstood on the other side of St. George's Channel. If all other English Liberals would speak with the same frankness, there can be little doubt that the Irish would at last see the necessity of submitting to the inevitable. About Egypt Lord Derby was far from being so satisfactory; but his hesitations were in some degree made up for by the firmness of Mr. Forster and Mr. Chamberlain. The latter was anxious to show that his opinions about our relations to Egypt are consistent with everything he has ever said regarding questions of foreign policy. He may be right; but this is a matter of very subordinate interest. The really important point is that he recognises the duty of England to maintain her supremacy at Cairo until she has created a situation which shall make the recurrence of recent perils there virtually impossible.

LAND LEAGUE REDIVIVUS.—Those sanguine persons who anticipate that during the next Session of Parliament Irish affairs will be relegated to the background will do well to study Mr. Parnell's utterances at Cork. Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy (which is, like "streaky" bacon, alternate layers of fat and lean, confiscation and coercion) has succeeded so admirably—according to the Government organs—that Mr. Parnell, in trying to start a fresh agitation, is only flogging a dead horse. We should be well pleased if we could accept this supposition, but we fear it is not borne out by facts. The darker forces of murder and misrule have undoubtedly been grappled with successfully; but the main body of discontent and disaffection survives, and can be aroused by methods of agitation which are well within the law. There is nothing treasonable about Mr. Parnell's speech: it is calm and calculating in its tone; yet it will do more to fan the flames of revolution than the frothy philippics of some of Mr. Parnell's compatriots. Mr. Parnell points out—and with considerable truth—how much he and the defunct Land League have done for Ireland in comparison with the Government. He boasts that the No Rent Manifesto, which he cynically confesses was not meant to be interpreted literally, frightened 3,000,000*l.* out of the landlords' pockets; whereas the clumsy Land Act of the Government has thus far saved the tenants a miserable 70,000*l.*, at a joint cost to them, the landlords, and the State of 400,000*l.* in lawyers' fees and other expenses. Hence Mr. Parnell strongly recommends the new organisation—the Irish National League—which will do all for the people which the old League did, but will carefully keep within legal limits. The interests of the labourers are now to be taken in hand. Mr. Parnell says truly that they are wretchedly housed and fed; but he does not say, what is equally true, that their slackness of employment is greatly due to the agitations of the last few years. Nor, with America and the Colonies crying out for labour, can we agree with Mr. Parnell that it would be a good thing to subdivide the lands in Ireland now let to graziers among a number of peasant proprietors. Such matters as these are much better left to the ordinary laws of supply and demand.

THE PAVEMENTS.—The condition of the *trottoirs* in this great City is highly interesting to the philosophers, diverting to the humourist, and creditable to the Vestries. The pavements are covered (and this is what interests the philosopher) with a viscid substance of extreme lubricity and tenacity. This peculiar sort of mud could only be produced (or tolerated) in an enormous centre of human existence, governed by Vestries, and crowded with persons of a conservative and even frame of mind. The stuff would serve admirably to grease the wheels of railways, thereby effecting

a considerable saving; or it might be employed, perhaps, as an aid to shoulders of mutton in the manufacture of glue. But we are a people so prosperous that we can afford to neglect the commercial qualities of this highly valuable mud. As it destroys boots and trousers and ladies' dresses, it may be presumed to promote business and that activity of trade which, in a free country like ours, is, after all, the main object. Examples of this mud ought to be secured (there will be plenty of time for that) before the local government of London is reformed. In future ages this substance, when liquefied like the blood of St. Januarius, will show what the British public was willing to endure without a murmur. Meanwhile the practical humourist is gratified by watching his fellow-creatures stagger, slip, and flounder along the road. The credit due to the Vestries must be considered the greater, because it would be so easy, at the cost of a little water, to make the pavements clean and practicable for wayfarers.

RUMOURS OF WAR.—Europe has been passing through one of those "scares" which have repeatedly caused anxiety during the last few years. This time the dread of coming trouble was caused by the publication of a number of details regarding the Austro-German Alliance. Everybody knew that these details could not have been made known without the sanction of Prince Bismarck, and it was asked why he should have thought it necessary to call attention to them at this particular time. At first all sorts of wild theories were suggested. It was even hinted that he may have wished to warn Mr. Gladstone that England will not be permitted to do what she likes about Egypt. Most people are now of opinion that he had not the most remote intention of influencing England; and, on the whole, it seems to be most probable that if he had any definite and immediate purpose at all, it related almost exclusively to Russia. It is difficult to believe that the Czar desires to disturb the peace of the world. He must see that France is for the present opposed to a policy of foreign adventure; and, even if she were prepared to go with him, he has so much to do at home that he can hardly wish to expose himself to new perils abroad. That there is a Russian party, however, which would be delighted to see their country at war for "the Pan-Slavonic idea" is beyond doubt; and it was this party which forced the Czar's father to attack Turkey when he would have preferred to let the Bulgarians and the Porte fight their own battles. It is possible that Prince Bismarck meant to let the adherents of this party know that they are playing a dangerous game; and it is tolerably certain, whether his motives have been rightly interpreted or not, that the Pan-Slavists will profit by the revelations about which there has been so much talk. Fanatical as they are, they cannot suppose that they would have much chance of success in a struggle with the combined forces of Austria and Germany.

LAMBETH PALACE GROUNDS.—The appeal which was made immediately after the Archbishop's death, that now would be a good opportunity for throwing open to the public of that densely-peopled neighbourhood the grounds of Lambeth Palace, had a very plausible sound about it. Indeed, the plea would have a force which would be deemed almost irresistible in these days if it had been shown that—according to the custom of his predecessors—the late Archbishop had reserved the gardens for the use of his own family and friends. The letter, however, of Mr. Davidson, Archbishop Tait's Chaplain, puts a totally different complexion on the matter. He shows that the gardens were most carefully utilised for the benefit of the public. Rifle clubs, cricket clubs, and school treats were constantly making use of the grounds; while, besides the nurses and others of St. Thomas's Hospital, tickets were freely issued to the sick, aged, and poor of the surrounding streets. For a public recreation ground the space is, after all, very limited, and it is doubtful whether so much pleasure would be obtained, if anybody could go in when they pleased, as under a carefully-arranged system of selection. Still, the matter is worthy of careful consideration, and it might be advisable, during next summer, to give at least a temporary trial to the plan recommended by Mr. Holyoake of free public admission to the fields in question. While on this subject a few words may be said concerning other open spaces of limited area. During the evenings of the summer months immense pleasure is conferred on numbers of poor children by the permission to enter Gray's Inn Gardens. Here the ticket system is found preferable to unrestricted admittance. Why cannot Lincoln's Inn Fields be opened in a similar manner? And surely our square-enclosures might be more utilised than at present. Even in the summer, scarcely a soul is to be seen in some of them for hours together. Look by comparison at Leicester Square, with its seats crowded with wayfarers, who ought to bless the memory of Baron Grant. People who live in squares are often annoyed by unasked-for bands of music. Let them try an experiment next summer. Let them appoint an old soldier as beadle, hire a fairly good band to play for two hours in the enclosure, provide plenty of seats, and charge a penny admission. People praise these sort of arrangements when they see them on the "Continong," but they are very slow to adopt them at home.

THE CLEANSING OF RIVERS.—Science, which does so many things to make life rapid, can do little, or does little, to make it clean. For a fortnight we have been walking in

darkness and breathing dirt. If Science would kindly abolish fogs, she would confer on us a greater boon than when she almost annihilates time and space. Every one who wishes to preserve England and Belgium from becoming the rubbish-heaps and sewers of Europe, would be glad to hear that Science could do something to wash the faces of our filthy rivers. In all manufacturing districts the rivers have become the sinks into which mill-owners throw their dyes, poisons, waste thrums, and general abominations. In some English rivers a human being so unlucky as to fall into them is poisoned before he is drowned. The Scotch, who are by way of being so proud of their famous streams, Tweed, Gala, Teviot, and the rest, have reduced some of them, and are reducing others, to the colour of ink. The valuable rights of landlords, can, of course, be disregarded in an advanced age of Liberal ideas, and the innocent amusements of the poor, the cheap pleasures of the lover of Nature, are mere "sentimental" considerations. There is a little, though not much, comfort in the announcement that appliances for cleansing polluted rivers are to be shown at the Fisheries' Exhibition. But it will always be cheaper to dirty the streams than to keep them moderately clean, and we scarcely expect much good to come from this part of the Exhibition. Money will have its own way.

LORD DERBY.—The changes in the position of Mr. Childers, Lord Hartington, and Lord Kimberley would, in ordinary circumstances, have attracted some attention, but the fortunes of these statesmen have been overshadowed by those of their new colleague, Lord Derby. It was generally expected that Lord Derby would go to the India Office; and there can be little doubt that this was the position originally offered to him. At the last moment, however, a change is supposed to have been rendered necessary by the statement of his opinions on the Egyptian Question. He did not, of course, express actual dissent from the policy of the Government, but his approval of the late war was cold and reserved; and, as to the future, his sole idea seemed to be that the sooner we get away from Egypt the better. The manner, too, in which he spoke of our relations to Continental Powers was scarcely in keeping with the attempts of the Ministry, while maintaining good terms with France, to establish a working understanding with Germany. The only way in which the effect of the speech could be in some measure neutralised was to place Lord Derby in an office in which he would not be directly concerned with the Egyptian Question, except in so far as all Ministers are concerned with it; and the device has not been altogether without success, either at home or abroad. Still, there is a very common impression that the difficulties of the Government in the East will somehow be increased by the accession of a Minister who, if he is capable of enthusiasm at all, is enthusiastic only about the great principle that we ought at all times to do as little as possible, even for the protection of our own interests. In the immediate work he has now to do—the control of our relations to the Colonies—he will certainly not work mischief by excessive interference; but it remains to be seen whether in South Africa the best plan is to leave everything and everybody alone. In domestic politics it is well understood that he will try to act as a drag on the extreme Radical party. Since, however, he sees objections to all conceivable measures, there are doubts whether he would offer formidable resistance to any proposal demanded, or believed to be demanded, by the "employers" of Parliament.

UNSEAWORTHY SHIPS.—In a letter, with the sentiments of which we cordially agree, in last Monday's *Times*, on the subject of the recent numerous fires, Mr. Macfarlane speaks of "the people who sent rotten ships to sea, endangering other folks' lives for their own profit, before the advent of Mr. Plimsoll." We venture to call attention to this paragraph because it conveys the impression—an impression shared by a good many fairly well-informed people—that since Mr. Plimsoll's energetic crusade all these evils have practically disappeared. Unfortunately, they are still rampant, and curiously enough a flagrant example is reported on the very same page in which Mr. Macfarlane's letter appeared. An inquiry has just been held before the Wreck Commissioner concerning the loss of a steam-vessel, with twelve lives, on the East coast, last October. She was not so very old as ships go, having been launched in 1847, but the evidence showed that hull, equipments, and machinery were all defective; and that men who had shipped in her had been afraid to go again. In the result the owner was fined 200*l.* (that is, 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for each drowned man), and the Board of Trade were blamed (they deserved something stronger than blame) for letting such a vessel go to sea. When we note the severe sentences inflicted on half-crazy wretches who send threatening letters to persons of distinction; when we note that the other day two lads got fifteen years' penal servitude each (and one of them a flogging in addition) for snatching a purse from a lady in the street and knocking her down afterwards, we cannot help thinking that law and justice are by no means convertible terms.

BIOGRAPHY À LA MODE.—It seems to have become the fashion among biographers to do what they can to damage the reputation of the men whose careers they undertake to record. The most striking recent instance of this is, of course, Mr. Froude's manner of dealing with Carlyle. It is universally admitted that Carlyle had many splendid

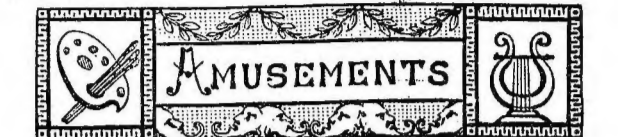
qualities both as a writer and as a man; yet the predominant impression created by Mr. Froude is that he was an ill-conditioned misanthrope. By-and-by he will be better understood; but in the mean time his true character has been obscured by his biographer's want of tact and judgment. Something of the same kind has been done by the biographer of Bishop Wilberforce, the third volume of whose "Life" has just been published. The notion of the compiler of this work appears to have been that it was his duty to omit no detail that could add to the liveliness and piquancy of his narrative. The result is that the Bishop is presented not only as a man of energetic and original character, who could not but exercise great influence on his contemporaries, but as an inveterate lover of gossip, and of rather malignant gossip, too. Take, for example, his innumerable sayings about Lord Beaconsfield—at that time Mr. Disraeli. It would be impossible to conceive anything pettier than his desire to find out and communicate everything injurious to this much-maligned statesman. The same spirit is manifested in his references to Dr. Manning, of whom he is delighted to hear it said that he made way at Rome by being "most obsequious" to the Pope. We do not say that a biographer ought to conceal facts which are necessary for a thorough comprehension of the person about whom he writes. By all means let us have honest biography; but honest biography does not mean biography which thrusts into the foreground qualities which were, after all, only of minor importance.

SIBERIA.—Attention may be fitly directed to this remote region at a time when the Russian people are celebrating the tercentenary of its acquisition. Hitherto its memories have been almost entirely of a melancholy character, because it has been habitually used as the receptacle for the moral and political rubbish of the Muscovite Empire. As regards the political exiles, however, no offensive interpretation need be placed on the word "rubbish," which rather implies, to use Lord Palmerston's well-known saying, "matter in the wrong place." Altogether, Siberia has, perhaps intentionally, been depicted in undeservedly dismal colours. Those who know it best say that the climate is preferable to that of the Empire on this side of the Ural Mountains, because the winter-cold, though keener, is drier, and the skies are far brighter. Then the soil is in many parts very fertile, and during the brief but hot summer plants grow almost visibly. And, painful as is the journey of the exile to the place of his banishment, whether performed by land, or, according to the occasional modern fashion, by sea, his lot after arrival seems by no means so terrible as has been represented; while Siberian society, being somewhat mixed, looks with an indulgent eye on a man's antecedent offences, provided he behaves reasonably well after arrival. The deportation of persons of the *mauvais sujet* class was not unknown to the United States in Colonial days, and transportation was the original *raison d'être* of more than one of our Antipodal colonies. Seeing what flourishing communities these countries have severally developed, there seems no reason to doubt but that Siberia—a region as big as all Europe—may hereafter become, instead of a feeble and unwieldy dependency, a flourishing and important member of the great Empire of Russia. Railway communication and the encouragement of free emigrants will do wonders in achieving this end.

THE GAME OF MALL.—Who knows anything now of the game of Mall? It was once at least as popular as, and probably rather more fashionable than, lawn tennis is to-day. The Mall derived its name from this pleasing sport, which was recommended because it gave plenty of exercise, without interfering with conversation. It is pretty generally understood that mall was much like croquet, a game almost obsolete, but played with balls and mallets, the object being to hit the ball through a series of hoops. A little book, Lauthier's "Nouvelles Règles pour le Jeu de Mail" (Paris, 1722), was sold at the Beckford sale this week, which contained the rules of mall, and very interesting pictures of the game. The players were in cocked hats and the dress of Watteau's time. The mallet was longer than most croquet mallets, and had a suppler handle, while the head was smaller and lighter. The ball was smaller than a cricket ball, but not so small as a golf ball. In driving off, the mallet was swung to the full extent, like a golf club. That is to say, it was raised with a slow swing over the left shoulder, and then brought down swiftly on the ball. This action, "a St. Andrew's swing," can only be acquired in youth, and the short jerking stroke of late learners was known at mall, but was not admired. The ball was ultimately "putted" (the attitude was not so like that of golf as in the "drive"), not into a hole, but through a hoop. Apparently, mall was a far manlier game than croquet, but lacked the "hazards" and "bunkers" and vicissitudes of golf.

DECORATIVE ART BETWEEN 1800 AND 1851.—Mr. Mundella was, no doubt, perfectly justified, from our present artistic standpoint, in ridiculing the heavy mahogany furniture, the staring carpets, and the gaudy wall-papers of the earlier years of Her Majesty's reign. But can he venture to be so completely cock-sure that "no one will ever dream of making a collection of the furniture and other works of decorative Art of the first years of this century?" The pendulum of fashion oscillates in very peculiar and unexpected ways. Skirts pulled tightly back or blown out balloon-like are equally satisfying to the

accustomed eye. We remember finding in a volume of the *Universal Magazine*, dated about 1780, an engraving of the then newly-built Paddington Chapel, which "chaste and elegant edifice" is contrasted with the "barbarous Gothic structure" which it superseded. Such criticism would scarcely have satisfied the late Sir Gilbert Scott, yet no doubt it was written by a man who represented the prevailing opinion of his day. Elderly people, too, can remember that the costume of the Regency period, which our artists think so picturesque, was voted to be most hideous and inelegant some five-and-twenty years ago. Therefore we feel that it is by no means impossible that the elaborately carved sideboards, and the carpets depicting a parterre of flowers, may be gathered up as the too-too precious relics of a truly artistic period by the Oscar Wildes of sixty years hence.



LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45. Benedict, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE, TO-DAY, and Saturdays, Dec. 30, Jan. 6, Jan. 13, and Jan. 20, at Two o'clock. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open to 5.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD. Patronised by the Royal Family and most of the Crowned Heads of Europe. Will Reopen on Boxing Day with an entirely new and original Christmas Fantomime.

BLUFF KING HAL AND THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. Written by H. Spry. Magnificent beyond comparison. Embracing thirteen magnificent new scenes, designed and painted by those eminent artists Messrs. Dayes and Caney, introducing a great Zoological Collection of Horses, Ponies, Mules, Camels, Dromedaries, and other animals, including a complete herd of Elephants. The greatest novelty on earth, the mother Elephant "Victoria," and her Calf "Prince of Wales," born in Lyons, France, en route with Sanger's Continental Circus, on May 6th, 1882.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—The Three Great Circus Companies of British, Continental, and American Star Artists at each performance.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—In order to meet the great demand for seats there will be two performances daily at 2 and 7.30. Admitted to be the safest and best amphitheatre in Europe. Box Office open daily from 10 till 4. Prices of Admission: Private Boxes from 45 s. to 11 s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Balcony Stalls, 3s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s.; Balcony, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Sole Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and GEORGE SANGER.

MISS MINNIE BELL'S ENTERTAINMENT.—EGYPTIAN HALL DRAWING ROOM.—Costume Recitals, Sketches in Character, Songs, Ballads, &c., assisted by eminent artists. NOW OPEN for the season. Twice daily, at THREE and EIGHT. Box office now open.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS TO LONDON. After one of the most brilliantly successful tours on record, the largest halls in the United Kingdom having proved inadequate to accommodate the enormous demand for places. Every newspaper in every town (without a single exception) has been unanimous in pronouncing the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS THE FINEST AND MOST PERFECT Musical Organisation ever heard in the Provinces. The Company will RE-OPEN at the ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL on BOXING DAY (TUESDAY), DECEMBER 26, with an ENTIRELY NEW AND MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT. Office for the sale of Tickets now open at St. James's Hall, where reserved seats may be booked one month in advance.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL. The World-famed MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS will commence their EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL SERIES of Holiday Performances, ON BOXING DAY, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, with one of the Strongest and most Attractive Programmes ever presented. Performances will be given EVERY AFTERNOON at THREE. EVERY NIGHT, until January 10th. After which date they will be resumed in their regular order. FIVE THOUSAND SHILLING SEATS. Doors open for the day performance, on Boxing Day, at 1.30; for the Evening, at 6.30. All other days at TWO and SEVEN. Tickets and places can now be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS. Special Notice. TICKETS and Reserved Seats for the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' Holiday Performances, at ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL, can be secured at Mr. Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, one month in advance.

VISITORS from the Provinces and Suburbs of London may secure Tickets and Places for the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' Holiday Performances, at ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL, by post, on forwarding P.O.O. or postal order payable A. Austin, Piccadilly Circus, together with a stamped and directed envelope, stating number of tickets required, and date they wish to attend.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—(Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAY). Twice Boxing Day at 3 and 8, and twice Wednesday at 3 and 8. A STRANGE HOST (a New First Part). Followed by a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Gray, entitled "THE ROUTE." Concluding with a New Afterpiece, entitled THAT DREADFUL BOY. MORNING PERFORMANCES in Christmas Week, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday at Three. Evenings, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight.—Admission, 1s. and 2s.—Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE TWENTY-FIRST WINTER EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, 5, Pall Mall East, from 10 till 5. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity."—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on December 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class up to and including Thursday, December 28th, except those issued at a less distance than Ten miles.

The Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets issued on December 23rd, will be available up to and including Wednesday, December 27th.

PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE of WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS. December 22nd and 23rd.—The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.55 p.m., and London Bridge 5.0 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, and on 23rd only to Cowes and Newport (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24th, Extra Fast Trains (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class), from Portsmouth Harbour 7.0 a.m., and 8.25 a.m. to London. Boats in connection from Ryde 6.30 a.m., and 7.30 a.m.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, and ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—A Cheap Train from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon; also from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Norwood Junction. Day Return Tickets from any of these Stations, 1st Class, 10s., or from Victoria only, including Pullman Car, 13s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS direct from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, York Road, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Liverpool Street, Whitechapel, Wapping, Rotherhithe, &c., as required by the Traffic.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE GRAPHIC EXHIBITION OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS

is NOW OPEN at the FINE ART SOCIETY'S, 148, NEW BOND STREET.

The recent EXHIBITION of "TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY" by the leading BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS at THE GRAPHIC GALLERY was attended with such success that another Pictorial Collection has been organised, namely—

AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY THE PRINCIPAL BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANIMAL PAINTERS.

Each Artist has chosen his own subject, and has told his story in as simple and as characteristic a manner as possible. The names of the following well-known Artists are among the Contributors:—

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NOW READY. THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

We imagine that even our greatest living Painter could scarcely have anticipated the pleasure he would give to millions, when he painted for our Christmas Number "CHERRY RIPE."

A Volume could be filled, showing the enthusiasm her appearance created. One amusing incident we must find space for here.

An admirer of the child's face, who had evidently been gazing at one of our Coloured Prints as figured at the Railway Stations, straightway telegraphed to the "GRAPHIC OFFICE" the following suggestive message:—

"Is the Mother of 'CHERRY RIPE' a widow? Reply paid."

Mr. MILLAIS has now Painted for us a younger Sister of "CHERRY RIPE." This Picture has been pronounced by many of his brother Artists, to be one of his finest Works, and she is introduced to the Public by "THE GRAPHIC" as

"LITTLE MRS. GAMP."

The following Artists have also Painted Pictures, which are all reproduced in COLOURS:—

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| MAMMA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT: A BOY AT LAST. By W. F. YEAMES, R.A.
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NEW YEAR'S DAY IN OLD NEW YORK. By G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.
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- LIST OF TALES:**
DR. TODD'S CHRISTMAS BOX. By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE. Illustrated by W. R. RALSTON.
MILEY MELLACHIN'S BORROWED PLUMES. By C. J. HAMILTON.
MR. WOOSLEY'S TROUBLES. By F. W. ROBINSON, &c.

Price ONE SHILLING, by post 3d. extra.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "TYPE OF BEAUTY, IX.,—from the Picture by G. A. Storey, exhibited at "The Graphic" Gallery.



"IOLANTHE" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

We need not again detail the plot of *Iolanthe*, or attempt any further criticism of libretto or music. Suffice to say that Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan have once more collaborated happily together; the music, though less ear-catching than that of *Patience*, has some sterling stuff in it; while guardsmen and fairies, lawyers and peers are mingled together in most topsy-turvy fashion.

Let us, therefore, proceed at once to say a few words explanatory of our artist's sketches.

The Queen of the Fairies is necessarily a very influential personage, being played by Miss Alice Barnett. When she talks about "gambolling on a gossamer" her massive outward aspect causes peals of laughter. Miss Barnett can be comic without being vulgar.

Iolanthe, in the person of the fascinating Miss Jessie Bond, is naturally a much slighter and slenderer fay. Here we see her, clad in water weeds, after five-and-twenty years' penal servitude "on her head" for the crime of marrying a mortal.

As fairies never grow old her son Strephon (who is only a fairy down to the waist) looks a good deal older than his charming mamma, or than the equally charming Leila (nicely played by Miss Julia Gwynne), who, being Iolanthe's sister, is Strephon's aunt.

Phyllis (Miss Braham) and Strephon look just the little "He and She" in Molloy's popular song "Dresden China."

The second scene, Westminster Hall and the Clock Tower by moonlight, is just like the reality, minus the probable fog. Here we find a sentry, Private Willis, of the Grenadier Guards (Mr. Manners), pacing up and down, and he sings one of the best ditties in the opera, about Liberals and Conservatives. Thus far everything looks like actual life, for on "sentry-go" a warrior might, without any singular breach of probability, beguile the time by a song, but when a troop of fairies glides on the scene, we feel the delightful incongruity. It is then that the Queen of the Fairies praises Willis's good looks. "You're a very fine fellow, Sir!" To which he coolly replies, "I am generally admired."

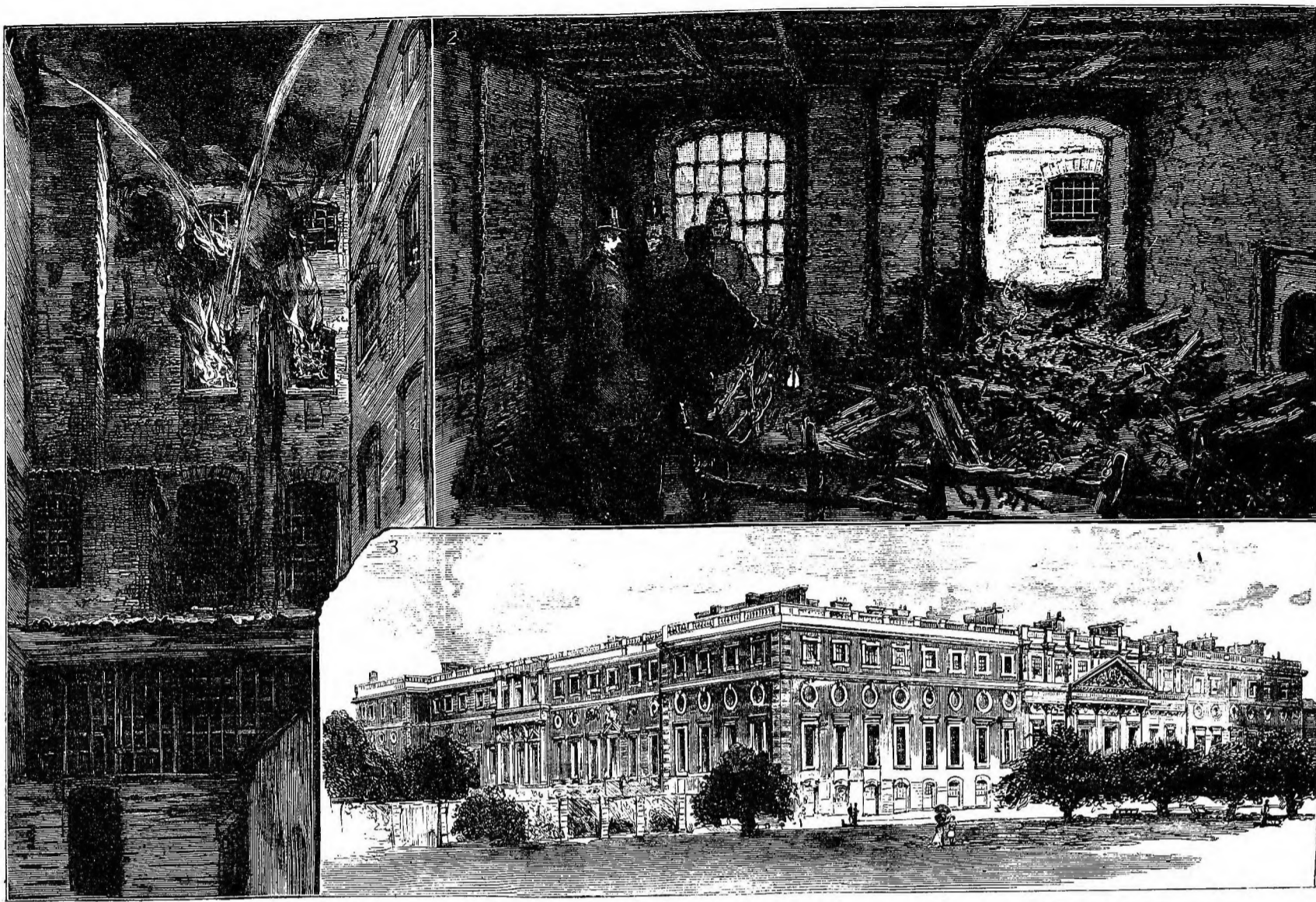
Mr. Grossmith as the susceptible Lord Chancellor is nearly as good as he was as that immortal First Lord of the Admiralty in *Pinafore*.

The Peers in their coronation robes are gorgeous and awe-inspiring, and then Phyllis gets engaged to two of them at once (she never knows which is which), and then these two gentlemen, Milords Mountarat and Tolloller, sing and dance with the Lord Chancellor, while finally wings sprout from Private Willis's shoulders, and all the company start for Fairyland.

THE FIRE AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

THIS Palace is such a favourite holiday-resort for Londoners of all classes, that great excitement was caused when, on the morning of Thursday, December 14th, a rumour spread that the picturesque old edifice was in flames. The rumour proved to be exaggerated. The fire was confined to the east end of the building, and, although one life was unfortunately sacrificed, the picture collection was uninjured, and the tapestries received no injury from being wetted.

Hampton Court Palace was originally built by Cardinal Wolsey;

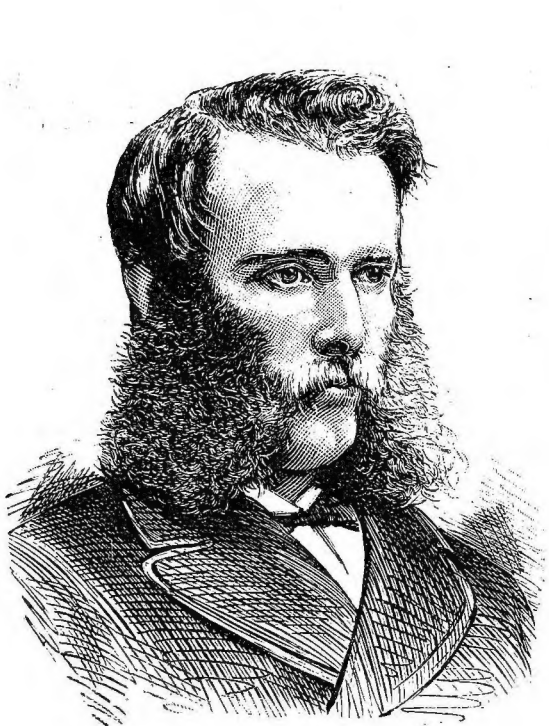


1. The Burning of Mrs. Crofton's Rooms.—2. Prince Leopold Inspecting the Room where Mrs. Lucas was Suffocated.—3. Garden Front of the Palace.

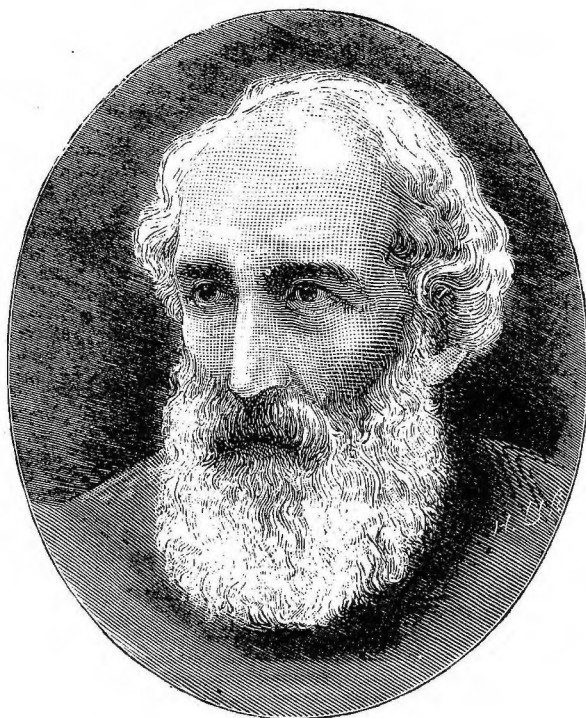
THE FATAL FIRE AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE



THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOODS IN GERMANY—A STREET SCENE IN DÜSSELDORF



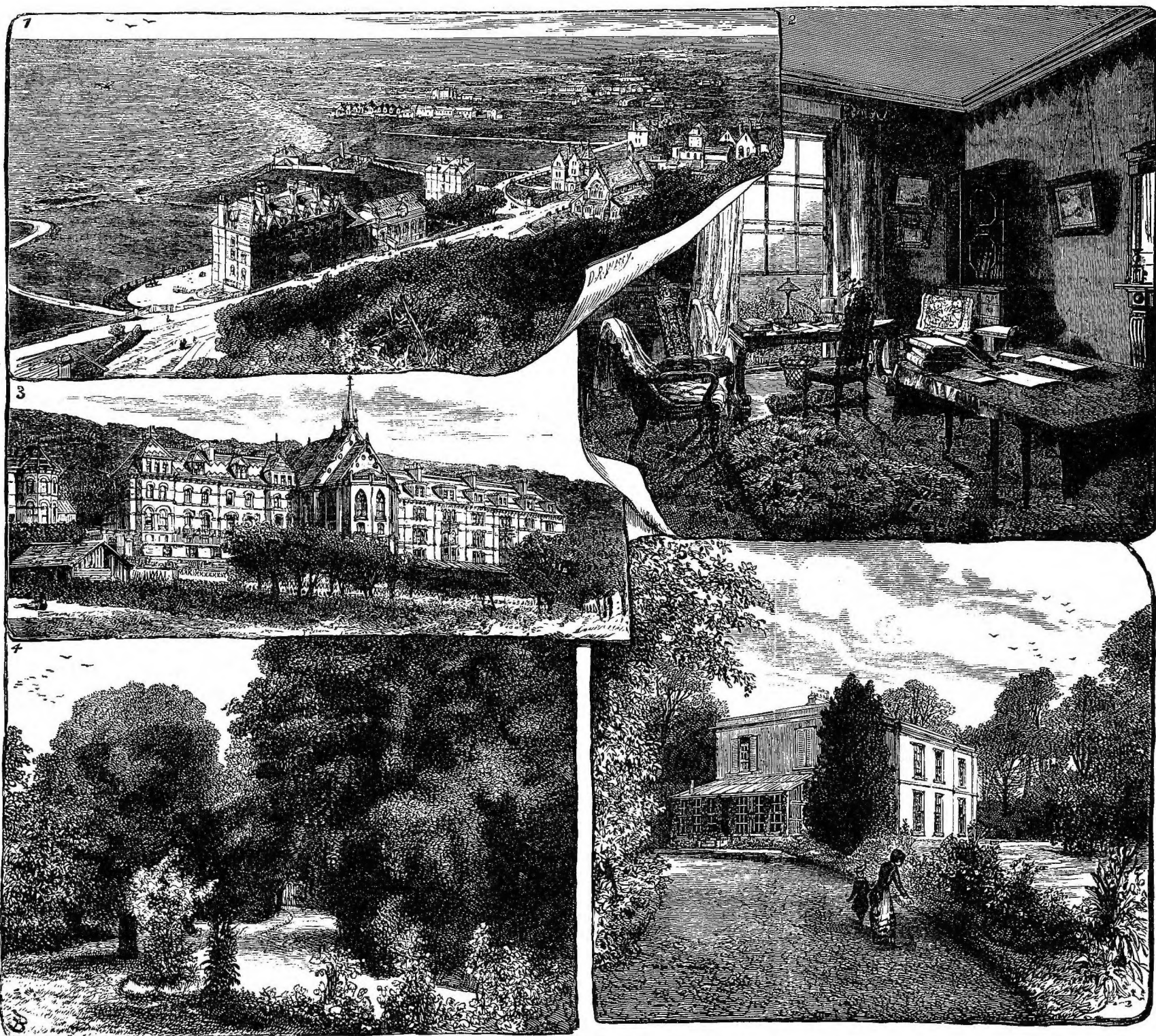
MR. C. WAHAB, C.E.
Died in the Red Sea on his Way Home from China.



MR. LEWIS POCKOCK, F.S.A.
Died October 17, 1882, in his 75th Year.



SURGEON-MAJOR GEORGE SHAW, A.M.D.
Killed at Kassassin, Egypt, Aug. 28



1. General View of Westward Ho!—2. The Room in Charles Kingsley's House in which "Westward Ho!" was Written.—3. Kingsley College.—4. The Garden of Charles Kingsley's House.—5. Charles Kingsley's House.

MEMORIES OF CHARLES KINGSLEY AT WESTWARD HO! DEVONSHIRE

and handed over by him to Henry VIII. Most of this building was burnt in 1690, and the rest of the Palace is the work of Sir C. Wren. It was in the more modern part of the building that the fire occurred.

It broke out in the apartments of Mrs. Crofton, one of the ladies who is allowed by favour of the Queen to reside in the Palace, and Mrs. Crofton's cook, Mrs. Lucas, in whose bedroom it broke out, and who rashly went back thither, after alarming her mistress, was suffocated by the smoke. The jury at the inquest determined that the fire was caused by the accidental upsetting of a mineral oil heating lamp. They advised that the use of these mineral oils in the Palace should be discontinued, and praised the excellent apparatus and good management of the Palace Fire Brigade (aided by the 4th Hussars). But for their gallant exertions the whole Palace would have been sacrificed. Captain Shaw, who has since visited Hampton Court, spoke heartily of the artistic way in which the fire had been put out.

FLOODS AT DÜSSELDORF

DURING the last days of November the Rhine, owing to unprecedented rain-fall and snowstorms, rose to a height unequalled within the last hundred years. Almost all the towns on its banks were inundated, and in some parts the country was submerged for miles. Day by day the water rose higher and higher, creeping into cellars and flooding rooms until the inhabitants were forced to desert them. Rats were driven from their lurking places into the higher regions, and their happy hunting-grounds usurped by equally voracious eels and pike. On the night of the 29th November the level of the Rhine at Düsseldorf had attained the extraordinary height of 28 feet 6½ inches, a height never reached within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and which was only exceeded in 1784, when it rose to 31 feet 9 inches. The streets of the old part of the town were completely submerged, and some of the houses almost entirely so. The poorer inhabitants, who were literally imprisoned within their houses, suffered a great deal from privations and cold, which, however, were greatly alleviated by the exertions of "Sisters of Charity," who went about in boats with warm food and fuel for their relief. Many families had thirst added to their sufferings, the water-pipes having become contaminated by sewage. "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink."

In the centre of our sketch of a street scene in Düsseldorf is a jolly Teuton, who hails a passing friend with his umbrella, whilst his bearer groans under his by no means light burden. It is to be hoped that the old porter will not succumb to circumstances, and damp our friend's hilarity by dropping him into the arms of Old Father Rhine. To the right is a portly German policeman, who seems to be informing some invisible person that he must "move on." Behind him stands a poor labourer out of work. On the planking strides a stalwart soldier about to make way for the old market-woman, whilst further on may be seen a Rhinelander who has probably had his home ruined. Further still are a "dame" and "herr" who are anxious to obtain a passage in the crowded boat below. To the left is another peculiar-looking boat, crowded to the water's edge by its mixed crew, and poled by its Rhinelander Charon.

MR. CHARLES WAHAB, C.E.

MR. CHARLES WAHAB, the Explorer, whose death occurred on the voyage home from Burmah, was the companion and fellow-traveller of Mr. Colquhoun in the recent expedition through Southern China to Burmah.

Mr. Wahab, an engineer by profession, was the eldest son of the late Major-General Wahab, of the Madras Army. He was, perhaps, less fitted physically than his companion, Mr. Colquhoun, to cope with the climatic difficulties of an enterprise like that undertaken by the two travellers, but he was strong in pluck, and had the spirit of endurance. He prepared to accompany Mr. Colquhoun on the shortest notice, barely allowing himself time to say farewell to his relations and friends.

It was not alone in connection with the expedition through Southern China that Mr. Wahab was known. He had no little literary ability, and was a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and also the author of a book on the human hand.—Our portrait is from a photograph by P. Devine, 101B, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

MR. LEWIS POCOCK, F.S.A.

MR. LEWIS POCOCK, who died on Tuesday, October 17, at his residence in Gower Street, was born in January, 1808. Though not an artist himself, he was intimately associated with artists, and with the world of art generally. He believed in the subtle refining influence of all things beautiful to the eye, and he zealously devoted himself to the diffusion of works of art among the people, in order that the pleasures of what he held to be the highest sense might be enjoyed by the many instead of by the chosen few. He was one of the original founders of the Art Union of London, and for forty-five years had acted as Honorary Secretary for that institution. His sound judgment and refined taste met with full recognition from all. On many Art Societies, and on many artists, he bestowed his kindly encouragement and his practical aid. He brought out several illustrated works, notably "The Lord's Prayer Illustrated" by the late Dean Alford and Mr. Pickersgill, and—in connection with the Art Union—"The Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated by Mr. H. C. Selous. Mr. Pocock did not confine his interest to fine art. He was an energetic worker in the cause of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He interested himself as long as thirty years ago in bringing out a patent for electric lighting, and he was the author of a work on Life Assurance, published in 1842, when he was a director of the Argus Life Office. He has also won a reputation in literary circles as a collector of Johnsoniana.

SURGEON-MAJOR GEORGE SHAW, A.M.D.

SURGEON-MAJOR GEORGE SHAW, A.M.D., was the second son of the late Mr. Christopher Shaw, of Dublin, surgeon. He had served with great devotion in the Afghan Campaign, and accompanied the advance of the first field-hospital through the Khyber Pass in 1878. At Kassassin Lock, on August 28, he was doing duty with the First Bearer Company, and had just finished dressing the wound of a private in the 7th Dragoons when he was shot through the head. The death of Surgeon-Major Shaw is deeply lamented by every officer and man of the army who knew him.—Our portrait is from a photograph by A. Sauvy, 54, Grafton Street, Dublin.

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY AT WESTWARD HO! DEVONSHIRE

THE work of Charles Kingsley, as author, preacher, lecturer, and teacher, has been so often and so fully recognised that it seems to require little notice here. The name of Charles Kingsley has become a household word.

Our engravings show his last Devon residence. Here he revelled in the Devon climate, "where," as he himself has expressed it, "winter has slipped out of the list of seasons." Here he sought the records for, and visited the scenes made so familiar to all by his enchanting novel, "Westward Ho!" The room in which, and the table on which, he wrote that lovely tale are here shown to the public. In the same room, and at the same table, Mr. Froude wrote the most interesting portions of his "History of England." Amid these scenes Kingsley is fondly remembered by many, and not least by the artisan and working classes, to whose instruction in drawing, geology, natural history, and kindred subjects he devoted

so much of his time and energies. Many of the artisans of the neighbourhood of Bideford, now prosperous men, have good reason to bless the memory of Charles Kingsley. Nor was his attention devoted to these alone. At the Universities, at many of our schools and literary societies, his face was familiar and his utterances popular. We believe that the Royal Heir to the Throne has profited not a little by his varied talents and comprehensive genius.

Westward Ho! (which derives its name from the work of Kingsley) was commenced in 1863. The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the first building, and giving the place the name it bears, was performed in that year by the Countess of Portsmouth. Up to that time a small farm and a picnic shed alone marked the spot where are now to be seen hotels, houses, colleges, a club, a church—in fact, a growing watering-place. The extraordinary healthiness of Westward Ho! induced the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, and others, to promote a college there for the sons of officers of the United Services. The prosperity of that institution, and the wonderful immunity from sickness vouchsafed to it, as well as the great local advantages for the success of a school at Westward Ho! led to the conception of the Kingsley Memorial College. Commenced a couple of years ago, it rapidly went on to completion; and it now presents a spectacle worthy of the name it bears, and is a work in which the author of "Westward Ho!" would have taken a pride and pleasure. It is intended to afford a high-class education to the sons of gentlemen at a price which, in these days of expensive education, must be considered moderate. It prepares boys for the Universities and all the higher competitive examinations. It has an able staff of masters. It affords every opportunity for the development of physical as well as of mental culture. It numbers nearly one hundred boys, though still in its infancy. It has given the utmost satisfaction by its arrangements to many competent authorities who have visited it—not the least competent being, we understand, the Head of Her Majesty's Department for the Inspection of Schools. Had the able and versatile author of "Westward Ho!" lived long enough to witness the change which has taken place in those scenes in which he delighted, we doubt not but that he would have rejoiced in the work to which his genius first gave an impetus; and we feel persuaded that not a small share of his interest would be devoted to the useful and promising institution which bears his name.

ARABI'S TRIAL AT CAIRO

THE trial of Arabi-Pasha took place on Sunday, December 3rd. After some months of delay the Committee of Inquiry into the evidence against the various leaders of the late rebellion in Egypt decided to abandon the primary charges of misusing the flag of truce and of firing and plundering Alexandria, and merely indict them for rebellion against the Khédive. To this charge Arabi agreed to plead guilty, and accordingly Ismail Eyoub Pasha, the President of the Committee, reported officially to Raouf Pasha, the President of the Court Martial, that Arabi was duly committed for trial for rebellion, according to Article 92 of the Ottoman Military Code, and 59 of the Ottoman Penal Code. By these it is enacted that persons who revolt, and have disobeyed an order from their superiors to desist, shall be punished with death, the same penalty being also awarded to any person who shall retain against the order of the Government any military command, and to any commander who keeps his forces under arms after the Government has ordered their disbandment. The Court accordingly assembled at nine on the morning of the next day, December 3rd, in the large hall of the ground floor of the old Daira Sanieh Palace, where all the political prisoners were confined. As it had been expected that these trials would be somewhat prolonged the Court had been most elaborately fitted up after the model of the French Courts of Justice. The members of the Court consisted of Mohamed Raouf Pasha (President), Ibrahim Pasha Ferik, and Ismail Damid Pasha, all three Generals of Division; Hussein Assim Pasha, Kurshid Pasha, Suleiman Niaz Pasha, and Osman Latif Pasha, Generals of Brigade; Ahmed Hassan Pasha, a naval officer; and Colonel Suleiman Nadjatz Bey. The audience comprised a number of prominent personages, such as General Sir A. Alison, Lord Charles Beresford, and numerous members of the Embassy, and Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, who has watched the case on behalf of the British Government. Arabi was brought into Court under escort from the adjoining prison, and occupied a place behind his counsel, Mr. Broadley and the Hon. Mark Napier. He is stated to have lost flesh since his surrender, and to have grown a greyish beard. The President began the proceedings by reading out the charge of rebellion, and asking Arabi whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty. In reply, Mr. Broadley rose, and tendered a written plea to the judges as follows:—"Of my own free will, and by the advice of my counsel, I plead guilty to the charges now read over to me." The Court then retired to consider its decision, and submit it for approval to the Khédive. At 3 P.M. the Court reassembled; and Arabi remaining standing in the dock, the clerk of the Court pronounced the sentence—that of death for "the crime of rebellion against His Highness the Khédive." Immediately this had been read the President said:—"Ahmed Arabi, you will receive notification of the decree issued by His Highness the Khédive." This decree was then read, and set forth that, "whereas we desire, for reasons of our own, to exercise in reference to the said Ahmed Arabi Pasha the right of pardon which appertains to us exclusively, we decree that the penalty of death pronounced against Ahmed Arabi is commuted to perpetual exile from Egypt and its dependencies. This pardon will be of no effect, and the said Ahmed Arabi will be liable to the penalty of death, if he enters Egypt or its dependencies." The Court then rose, and Arabi salaamed, and was conducted to his cell, receiving a bouquet of roses as he passed out from Mrs. Napier. Thus the actual proceedings of the great trial, which had been looked forward to as likely to bring forth some of the most curious revelations in modern Oriental history, and which would implicate personages in high places, and even Sovereigns, took practically less than an hour.

VIEWS IN MADAGASCAR

MADAGASCAR, one of the largest islands in the world, inasmuch as it contains an area equal to that of France, has lately been brought prominently into notice.

The island abounds both in vegetable and mineral wealth. The coasts are low and flat, and liable to pestilential fevers, but the interior, which forms a broad tableland, is healthy.

There are two great divisions conspicuous among the natives—a black and a brown race—the former of negro and the latter of Malay extraction. The ruling people in the island are a tribe called the Hovas, who have subdued and rendered tributary the inhabitants of the other provinces.

The inhabitants were never savages. They were skilled in various arts, but till lately idols were worshipped, and many barbarous practices prevailed among them. Of late years missionary efforts, after much suffering and persecution, have been rewarded with remarkable success, and the Malagasy are now a people who have adopted the usages of a Christian and civilised community.

For years the French have had some settlements on the Madagascar coast, and in consequence of squabbles arising between the French Creoles living in these settlements and the natives the Malagasy Government sent an Embassy to France for the purpose of arranging more definitively the terms of a treaty made in 1868 between France and the Queen of Madagascar.

Unfortunately for the Envoys, they found the French, statesmen and people alike, perfectly careless about these specific grievances,

but consumed with a burning desire to found a colonial Empire. They have annexed Tunis, and they are preparing annexations in Congo and Tonquin. They made exorbitant demands on the Malagasy Embassy, which the Embassy could not accept, and were therefore peremptorily ordered to leave Paris.

They came to England, where they were hospitably received, and their treatment aroused a good deal of indignation; the more so, because French supremacy in those regions—aided, as it will assuredly be, by Portuguese connivance—means a revival of the slave trade under a more specious name.

If Mr. Gladstone had chosen to fan himself into a "Bulgarian" fury, serious disagreements between England and France might have followed; but, on the contrary, he has done nothing to check French aggression in the South Atlantic. The reason doubtless is that, as our Government wants to have its own way in Egypt, it winks at French high-handedness in Madagascar.

With regard to our engravings, which are from photographs kindly furnished to us by Mr. F. A. Carter, 45, Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, W., no special description is necessary; but we may quote the words of Admiral Gore Jones, H.B.M.'s late Special Envoy to the Queen of Madagascar. Speaking at a recent meeting on this question, he said that he was surprised to find what manner of people the Malagasy were. He found Antananarivo a splendid city, with magnificent public buildings. The house he lodged at was as good as any in London, and there was a Roman Catholic church which would not disgrace Paris. The great mass of the population were now Christians. The Premier, one of the most intelligent men he had ever met, had abolished the slave trade and various superstitious rites, and had established numerous schools.

HOME FOR AGED MARINERS AT EGREMONT, NEAR LIVERPOOL

THIS building, which was formally opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh on Saturday, December 16, stands on an elevated site overlooking the Mersey, in about five acres of ground. It is of handsome and striking design. The entire cost of the main structure has been borne by Mr. William Cliff, merchant and shipowner, of Liverpool, whose wife laid the foundation-stone in 1880. Several gentlemen have erected blocks of cottages in various parts of the grounds, and these are intended for the use of old seamen who have wives or other relations to look after them. Those who are quite friendless will reside in the main building. Each cottage is to be provided with coals, gas, and water, and a small pension in addition, and will be at liberty to engage in any light occupation. Amongst several interesting features of the institution are a free library and a nautical museum for the recreation of the inmates.

A COREAN ENVOY TO CHINA

"THE attention of the people of China," writes Mr. Walter T. Lay, of Newchwang, China, "has lately been turned towards Corea, a country which has until a very recent date resisted all efforts to enter into either political or commercial relations with other nations. Save to a few Roman Catholic missionaries Corea has been an unknown country, and in its isolation it now stands almost alone in the world. Although contiguous to China its commercial relations with the Chinese Empire have not been extensive, and its political relations have consisted in the despatch of a mission yearly to the Chinese capital with tribute. Its commerce with the outside world was for a long time carried on at a place called the Corean Gate, about four days' journey distant from the Fort of Newchwang. Here periodical fairs were held, the Celestial exchanging his opium and his piece goods for Corean ginseng, hides, gold dust, and various other items. Coreans were not allowed to pass the Gate, nor were Chinese permitted to cross the Yalu River into Corean territory. Lately the restriction has been relaxed so far as the exit of Coreans from their own country is concerned; but Chinese are still forbidden to enter Corea."

"On the seaboard of the Corean peninsula the Japanese have gained a footing, having for some past been allowed to trade at a place in the south called Fusan. The contact, however, between the Japanese and the Coreans has not been attended with happy results; the former having shown themselves so overbearing in their behaviour as to have incurred the deep hatred of the latter, as the recent attack upon the Japanese Embassy fully manifested. It is, perhaps, to the hatred thus engendered towards the Japanese that we owe the recent overtures which the Coreans have made to the powers out here to visit their country."

"In the summer of last year a special envoy was sent by the King of Corea to Tientsin to consult with the Chinese authorities respecting commercial intercourse. This envoy, after remaining in Tientsin for some time, went on to the capital, and had an audience of the Emperor, returning to Tientsin afterwards to continue his negotiations."

"There being no opportunity for him to return home by sea, he took a steamer from Tientsin to this place, intending to proceed hence by the usual overland route to the Corean capital."

"During a visit which he paid me he was asked to have his photograph taken with the few followers forming his suite. He was pleased at the suggestion, and was photographed by a native artist. In position he takes high rank, being Superintendent of Trade at one of the newly-opened ports, named Jen Ch'uan, which is not far from the capital (Séoul), and immediately opposite Chefoo in Shantung."

"His portrait possesses no small interest at the present moment, as he was one of the first to counsel his Sovereign to open Corea to foreigners. For this advice he was thrown into prison, and narrowly escaped the doom which is so often meted out to those who give unpopular suggestions."

"The wisdom, however, of the advice tendered has been more recently acknowledged, and he is now in high favour. Corea, with a formidable Northern Power watching her, and it may be casting a longing eye at Port Leserev, can no longer afford to ignore the outer world, and so has wisely determined to come out of her shell. According to some the country is a poor one, in the opinion of others its mineral resources are great, gold especially being abundant. This remains, however, to be proved when the country is fairly opened."

A MARCH OF INVALIDS IN INDIA

THIS sketch, kindly forwarded by Captain J. E. Robinson, 30th Regiment, Ranikhet, represents a train of invalid families on the march from Moradabad to Ranikhet, North-West Province. Every year, at the beginning of the hot season, a number of soldiers' families are sent from the plains to the hills, where special barracks have been built for them. The invalids are taken by rail to the point nearest to their destination to which the line runs. There they are lodged under canvas until transport is collected for them. All being ready they proceed by cart road to their destination. As soon as the detachment arrives at the starting-point the father of each family builds himself what is called a "topper," in which his wife and family are to live during the march. The foundation of this is one of the cheap country beds called a charpoy. It is turned upside down, and over it is erected a roof to keep out the sun and rain. This is strapped on to the top of the hackery, or bullock-cart, leaving the interior of the cart for kit, &c. Each family is allowed half a cart by Government. This, however, is scarcely sufficient accommodation, so almost in every case a soldier pays himself for the other half, and secures the whole conveyance.

to himself. Some, however, are too poor to do so, and the sketch represents such a case and its accompanying discomforts, not to mention the extra burden to the poor hard-worked bullock. Another sketch represents the start of the long train of bullock carts, each containing its freight of women and children, with their kits packed. The husbands walk by the side, while a string of camels carry the tents to be pitched in case of sickness or bad weather. The two other sketches explain themselves, but we may mention that in the incident where the overdone bullock refuses to move further, the little group had to be left behind, while the remainder proceeded on to the camp, whence they sent camels and some of the stauncher bullocks to assist them.

TYPE OF BEAUTY, NO. IX.

OWING to the pressure of other subjects of more immediate and pressing interest (to wit, the Egyptian campaign), we have suffered a considerable interval to elapse since we last published one of these "Types of Beauty," and consequently our readers may be pardoned if they have almost forgotten what the previous ladies in that fascinating series were like. Milliners and dressmakers were unknown in the Garden of Eden, else one might venture to think that this lady was intended by Mr. Storey for the mother of all mankind, holding in her hand "the fruit of that forbidden tree," the plucking and eating of which has caused so much vexation to her descendants.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 705.

AN ARTIST'S CHARACTER-SKETCHES IN BERLIN

HERE are some more character-sketches of Berlin life. The railway guard is a very different type to our own civil-spoken, obliging official. His Teutonic analogue—in many cases a State functionary—is clad in a grand semi-military uniform, has military notions with regard to passengers, whom he looks upon as recruits to be despatched to their destination with as much disciplinary rigour as possible. He has such an alarmingly fierce air, and such brusque manners, that the ordinary traveller scarcely ventures to proffer him a tip, but from many an experience we can vouch that a mark will go a very long way towards creating a softened demeanour and eliciting the much-wanted information. The "polizeiener," again, is a less agreeable personage than our constable, and thinks it his sole business to look after criminals, and that still more dangerous class, Socialists. As to conveying timid ladies across a road, or indicating the road to a bewildered stranger, that by no means enters into his bond, nor, be it said, into his mind. Then we have a third official—the drill sergeant—into whose clutches an unhappy recruit has fallen. His ears are being well pinched to make him throw his head back, and he will probably have his head well boxed before the day is out, for, according to the Prussian system, physical force rather than moral suasion is adopted as the best and quickest means by which the raw peasant can be transformed into the perfect soldier of clockwork precision. The Berlin coachman is not so unlike his "growler" contemporary of our own metropolis—except that he is more stolid, and cannot be persuaded to drive beyond the regulation pace. He is as keen after his *trinkgeld* as caddy is after his extra sixpence; but, having the fear of the terrible "polizei" before his eyes, is more amenable to reason. He is strictly under police discipline, and at the railway station is arbitrarily allotted to the arriving passengers by a stern-spoken official, instead of being allowed to pick and choose his own fare. Finally we have types of the peasantry—male and female—the former enjoying themselves over a pipe, a good "seidel" of lager, and a game of skittles; the latter indulging in the great delectation of their sex amongst all nations and in all climes—a good gossip.

"BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.—Mr. H. L. Brækstad, a Norwegian resident in London, writes thus:—In an article on our celebrated poet Björnson, in your issue of the 9th inst., I find that the writer has included the story of Björnson's challenge to King Oscar II., his subsequent sentence to imprisonment, &c., a *canard* which at the time obtained great circulation and credence both in Germany and England. There is not, however, the slightest semblance of truth in the story, which I believe to have been the invention of an unscrupulous newspaper correspondent in search of sensational news. The facts are that, about three or four years ago, it came to Björnson's knowledge that King Oscar had, in the course of conversation, made some very personal and depreciatory remarks about him, upon which Björnson wrote to a Swedish paper, censuring in strong terms the conduct of the King in the matter. And this is all! There was no challenge to fight a duel, no trial, no sentence of imprisonment, and, above all, there was no flight of Björnson from his native country. Björnson is not likely to commit any breach of the law; and any one acquainted with his character will know that he is the least likely man to 'fly,' as the article in question has it. With the exception of a lecturing tour in America, Björnson has lived at home for the last seven or eight years. He is now on his way to Paris, where he intends to settle for a couple of years, and will hereafter devote himself wholly to literary work, having during the last few years fulfilled the duty, as he felt it, of enlightening his countrymen on their political and social rights. He has never been a member of the National Assembly, as asserted in the article, nor does he desire to become so."



THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE MINISTRY, announced last week, has undergone one important change. Lord Hartington, as anticipated, will be the new Secretary for War; but Lord Derby will not succeed him at the India Office, but take Lord Kimberley's place as Colonial Secretary, while Lord Kimberley will fill the post vacated by Lord Hartington. Mr. Childers has announced his acceptance of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer to his constituents at Pontefract, and, secure of re-election, will endeavour to gain strength for the next Session by a six weeks' holiday in Italy. Of other pending changes—above all of the place to be filled by Sir Charles Dilke when he enters the Cabinet—there is as yet nothing certain known. Conservatives assert, and Ministerialists do not affect to deny, that the above-mentioned changes were largely motivated by passages in Lord Derby's speech at Manchester, in which he advocated a speedy withdrawal from Egypt, and a modification of our policy with regard to that country in deference to the wishes of France.—In reply to numerous invitations from the London and Counties Union, the Liberals of Liverpool, the Committee of the Reform Club, &c., Mr. Gladstone has written letters of excuse. "Years and the weight of office" press upon him, and he has in prospect "a serious operation in Mid-Lothian," which is absolutely due to his constituents. From all other engagements he is obliged to ask a dispensation.—Among speakers out of Parliament in the last few days Mr. Forster, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Mundella have been by far the most important. Mr. Forster commenced on Thursday a four days' campaign at Glasgow (where he was the guest of Mr. Charles Tennant), with an able statement

of his views on Ireland at a banquet of the Gladstone Club, at which he took the chair. He agreed with Lord Derby that emigration was the proper remedy for the distressed districts in the West. The people could not be moved to other parts of the country without taking the land away from those who already occupied it. Next evening, at a mass meeting in St. Andrew's Hall, he criticised Lord Derby's views regarding Egypt. "We could not leave Egypt now until we left it better beyond a doubt than when we entered it," Mr. Gladstone he considered "the best Prime Minister we had ever had;" the country knew this, and the victory at Liverpool was in great measure due to the reaction against the abuse which had been lavished on him. On Saturday Mr. Forster spoke again on secondary education, and on Monday was presented with the freedom of the city, and entertained at luncheon by the civic authorities. At Ashton-under-Lyne, on Tuesday, at the evening meeting which followed the fifth annual assembly of the National Federation of Liberal Associations, Mr. Chamberlain spoke with no uncertain sound upon the subject of our policy in Egypt. The Government, he believed, had risked its popularity by the recent expedition, but in this case intervention was both just and necessary. The bondholders might be left to take care of themselves, but the national highway to the East must not be endangered, nor the Englishmen who had embarked their capital in legitimate and peaceful undertakings left without protection, unless Englishmen were to be the only people throughout the world who could be plundered with impunity. As for Arabi, he believed him to be the instrument of a mutinous soldiery, who would have dethroned the Khédive and set up in his stead a military despotism. From his experience of Ireland Mr. Chamberlain would draw two lessons—the one for Irishmen, and that was that no party in England will tolerate crime and outrage; the other for English statesmen, and this is "not to turn a deaf ear to Irish grievances, until forced to listen to them by the pressure of calamity or agitation."—On Monday, at the West London School of Art, Mr. Mundella drew a very optimistic picture of thirty years of artistic education. In 1862 the total grant to Schools of Art in England was 12,000*l.*; in 1881 it was 70,000*l.* In 1857 30,000 children were taught free-hand drawing in elementary schools; in 1881 850,000. The higher provincial and metropolitan Schools of Art had in 1857 11,000 students, and in 1881 about 32,000. At the same time, we must not rest content; the competition in this matter with which we are threatened from abroad is something "impossible to describe."—A petition against the return of Mr. Coleridge Kennard, the new member for Salisbury, was filed on Friday last. Upwards of sixty cases of alleged corruption will be investigated, all of which the Conservatives profess themselves prepared to meet.—The rheumatic symptoms which threatened last week to introduce another complication into the case of Mr. Fawcett have had no serious consequences, and the patient is now so far on the way to convalescence that the daily bulletins have been discontinued since last Monday. Mr. Fawcett has been able to sign a memorandum appointing Mr. Shaw-Lefevre his deputy *pro tem.* at the Post Office.

IN IRELAND the Dublin detective police have been busied for some time in private investigations regarding the secret societies, and the probable perpetrators of the murders in the Phoenix Park and the attempted assassination of Mr. Field—crimes very generally believed to have been committed in obedience to the same undiscovered authority, and not impossibly by the self-same hands. Last week two men, Brady and O'Hanlan, of the artisan class, were arrested, and, although discharged again through the inability of the witnesses summoned to identify them, have since been more than once privately examined. Hopes are entertained that the recent offers of reward for important information, the giver of which will not be brought before the public, nor his name divulged, may lead to discoveries which will paralyse the action of the societies, if they do not bring about the detection of the guilty.—The self-accused prisoner Westgate has arrived in Dublin, and is strictly guarded in Bridewell Lane Station. The general belief, however, seems to be that he is either an impostor or a lunatic.—The execution of the three unreprieved Maamtrasna murderers took place last Friday under painful circumstances. Myles Joyce vehemently protested his innocence to the last, and in his struggles contrived to get one hand free, but was overpowered by the executioner. At the inquest it appeared that he had died from strangulation, not like the others from fracture of the neck bone, and an opinion was expressed by the jurors that Marwood had not done his duty properly, and that much blame was attached to him.—Verdicts of guilty have been returned in the case of Thomas Higgins, the second prisoner arraigned for the murder of the Huddys, and of Michael Flynn, the third, and, in the opinion of many, the most important of the group. The prisoners are to be hung on the 17th January.—On Sunday Mr. Parnell arrived in Cork, and was entertained at a banquet by his numerous admirers, and on Monday presided at a meeting for the opening of a Cork branch of the Irish National League. In his address he spoke in a triumphant spirit of the past, and held out hopes of further gains next year, through the fear entertained of the Irish independent Members by both the great parties in the House. At a meeting of the Organising Committee of the League in Dublin the business and the funds (700*l.*) of the late Home Rule League were formally taken over, and resolutions passed condemning alike the recent circular of the Local Board and Lord Derby's Emigration Schemes, and demanding grants for public works.—A fire in a match factory at Belfast has caused the death of four workmen by suffocation.

THE FROST AND SNOW OF THE PREVIOUS WEEK have everywhere given way to milder weather, and a welcome thaw. In Scotland the nine days' frost (from the 6th to the 15th), and the snow storm which preceded it, are said to have been the severest while they lasted that had been experienced for twenty-one years.

THE FIRE AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE, which broke out last week as we were going to press, has done much less damage than was at first apprehended. No work of Art has been seriously injured except the ceiling in the Queen's bedchamber, painted by Thornhill.—Of other accidents the week has had its share. At Cowairs Junction, three miles north of Glasgow, the accidental fracture (as it is thought) of a switch rod turned the train for Helensburgh on to the main line just as another train came rushing up. The three first carriages of the Helensburgh train were smashed, and nineteen passengers more or less severely injured.—In the Albert Docks the fine steamer *Cotopaxi*, of the Orient line, caught fire, and damage was done to the amount of 10,000*l.*; and on Monday another country mansion, Gunton Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of Lord Suffield, was half destroyed by a fire, which seems to have originated in a flue. Most of the pictures, and some of the valuable furniture, were luckily preserved.

A NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF MINERS was opened at Leeds on Tuesday under the presidency of Mr. Pickard, of North Staffordshire. The delegates present represented 250,000 hands. Resolutions were passed, declaring that "the time had now come for working miners to regulate the production of coal;" that no collier or other workman employed underground in coal mining should work more than five days or shifts per week; and that in counties where the pits work single shifts the hours of coal getters should be eight hours from bank to bank. Another advance of 10 per cent. will probably be demanded before the Conference breaks up.

THE WAR MEDALS FOR THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN were presented to the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards on Friday last by the Duke of Cambridge on the parade ground at Chelsea Hospital.



SIGNOR VERDI is building a large hospital and refuge for the poor at his native place, Busseto.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN INDIA is certainly making steady progress. It is now proposed to open a class in connection with the Calcutta Medical College for female students of all castes and creeds. Some of the lady teachers would be obtained from England.

THE ALBERT HALL ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, &c., will be open in May, simultaneously with the International Fisheries' Exhibition. Special accommodation will be afforded for crowded-out pictures from the Royal Academy.

FRUGALITY IS ALWAYS REPUTED A GERMAN VIRTUE, and benevolent Teutons now not only collect old stumps and cigar-ends for charitable purposes, but one Berlin lady appeals for worn-out gloves, which she manages to convert into money for one special institution.

WOODCOCKS IN SUSSEX have lately been preserved with considerable success, the *Live Stock Journal* tells us, as several couples have bred this year between Chichester and Portsmouth. The birds migrate there in winter, as a rule, and leave about March or April for France and Germany.

PART OF THE ANCIENT MONASTERY OF WHITEFRIARS has been discovered during some excavations in Bouverie Street, Fleet Street. About 30 feet of a tower have been unearthed, the masonry being so strong that it has served as the foundation and support of neighbouring houses, several of which have been built into it. According to old records, stone coffins will probably be found, if the excavations are carried further down.

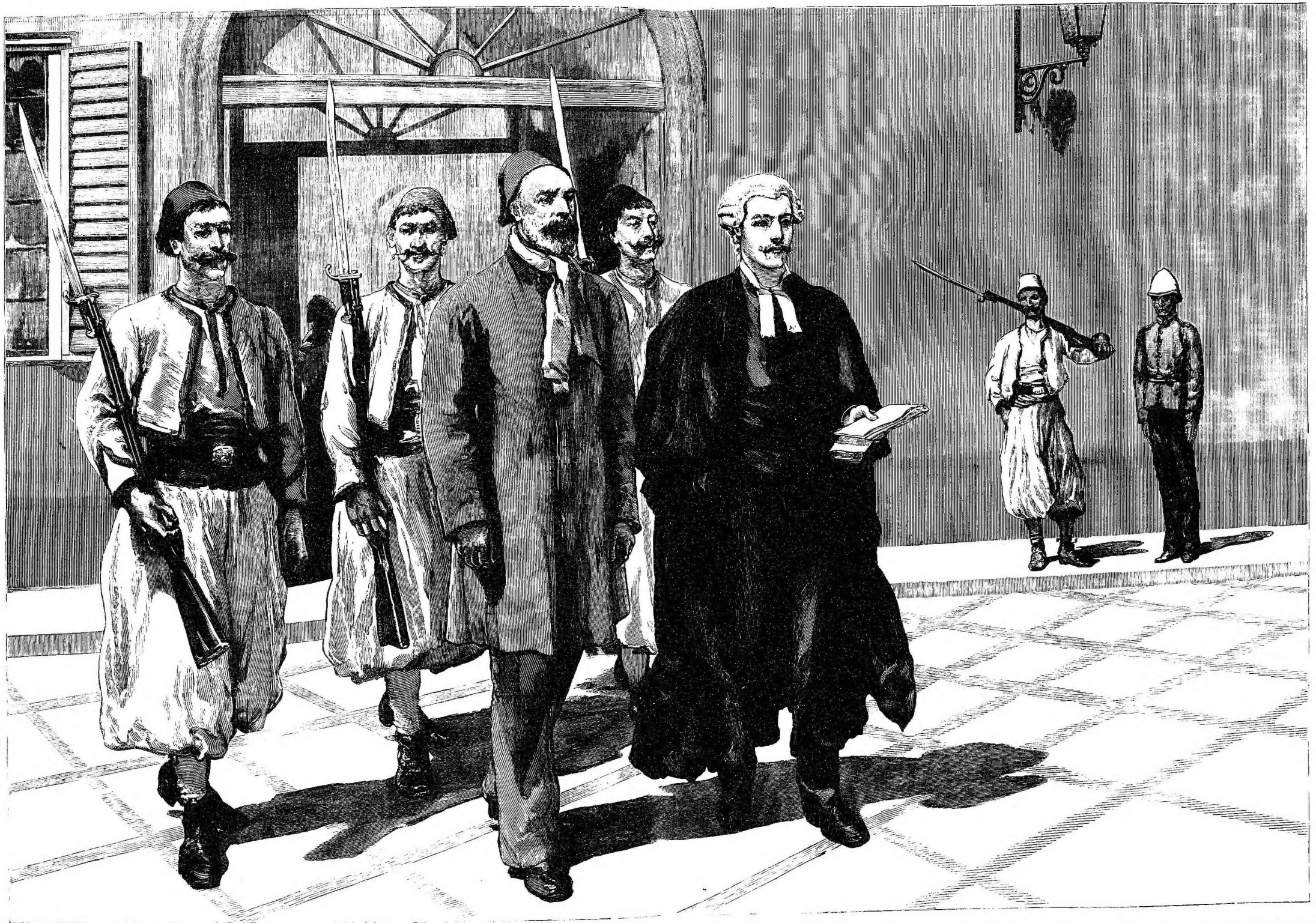
THE NEXT INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION AT MUNICH opens on July 1st next, and will, it is hoped, prove as great a success as those of 1869 and 1879. The King of Bavaria directly patronises the Exhibition, and presents several gold medals to be distributed by an International prize jury, and the Committee invite the different European countries to contribute. Each country or state will form an independent exhibition, and the collection will remain open till October 15th.

PROVIDENT SURGICAL APPLIANCE SOCIETY.—The annual festival was held on the 14th inst. at the Cannon Street Hotel. Much interest is taken in this very useful society in the City, where the principal sphere of its operations lies. It is designed to supply the poor with mechanical aid such as artificial legs and arms, trusses, false eyes, &c., which are of a price quite beyond the reach of working people. Support is needed to enable the management to maintain and extend the benefits of the society, concerning which those who are desirous of information should apply to the secretary, Mr. Thomas Woodrow, 28, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

LONDON MORTALITY further increased last week, and 1,996 deaths were registered, against 1,669 during the previous seven days, a rise of 327, being 182 above the average, and at the rate of 26.8, a higher rate than has prevailed since last February. These deaths included 97 from measles (an increase of 20), 41 from scarlet fever (a decline of 4), 13 from diphtheria (a fall of 7), 27 from whooping-cough (a rise of 3), 25 from enteric fever (a decline of 7), 20 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 3), and not one from small-pox, typhus, or ill-defined forms of fever. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 637, under the influence of the almost continuous fogs (a rise of 159), exceeding the average by 108. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths. There were 2,569 births registered, against 2,520 during the previous week, being 66 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 34.1 deg., and 7.7 deg. below the average.

BUYING ÉTRENNES is the chief occupation in Paris just now, and though the New Year's popular novelties do not appear before the opening of the Fair on the Boulevards on Christmas Eve, the more expensive presents already crowd the windows. The success of the hour, M. Sardou's *Fédora* with Madame Sarah Bernhardt, gives its name to various gifts, from the *Fédora* bonbon to the *Fédora* fan—a lovely combination of ephemeral white gauze and mother of pearl, adorned with gold and silver flowers. Fans are very favourite presents, two of the most quaint being the *Éventail apothéosis* of silver gauze, depicting a sunrise, with Cupids showing off a magic lantern, and the *Éventail Mille et un Nuits*, representing a nest of loves in the clouds. *Apropos* of the recent Legitimist revival, there are various Royalist jewels for loyal partisans—the *Petit Pierre* ring or pin, with the portrait of the Comte de Chambord as a child, and the motto, *A moi, mes fidèles*, and the *Joan of Arc Standard* as a brooch, with a border of fleur-de-lis. Black plush is the novelty of the season for handkerchiefs and glove and work-cases, albums, pocket-books, &c., most of these articles being lined with old gold satin as a good contrast, and the larger ones being ornamented with raised silk flowers. The new leather-work is the *cuir perlé*, each gift being surmounted by a tiny silver pigeon, holding in its beak a card for the recipient's name or initials. Boxes of scent are perfect works of art, the perfumery being hidden away in rich satin cushions painted with Watteau or genre scenes by well-known artists. Scarf pins for gentlemen represent miniature golden swords or fencing sticks, while a peculiar present for a lady is a "Minette" muff, where a tiny cat's head peeps out of a nest of lace on a black velvet muff. Cat lovers will also find pussy's head on the Minette bonnet.

CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.—The Leicester Square Soup Kitchen and Refuge puts forth its annual plea for help, and this winter this excellent charity makes a specially urgent appeal on behalf of the building fund. Not only is the mess kitchen very cramped but its present premises are actually unsafe from age, &c., and until sufficient funds are forthcoming the new buildings cannot be proceeded with. About 1,400*l.* more is needed, and as the building must be completed in one summer, the money is wanted at once. Additional space would then be afforded particularly for the refuge, which gives a night's lodging and two meals to the homeless, either in search of work, just out of hospital, or attempting to reach their homes. In this way 2,099 nights' lodging and meals were given during the twelve months ending last October, and work was found for twenty-two persons, while 1,034 families received Christmas dinners. Moreover, this is the only London charity where food is daily distributed to the destitute, and no fewer than 118,538 meals were given away during the year, while twenty-eight tons of coal were distributed. These numbers show a decrease, owing to the great diminution of subscriptions last year, and to the milder winter. Gifts in kind for the dinners will be thankfully received, and subscriptions may be sent to the Treasurer, W. Ash, Esq., 119, Camden Road, N.W., or to the Superintendent, Mr. W. Stevens, at the Soup Kitchen, Ham Yard, Great Windmill Street, St. James's, W.—The Christian Blind Relief Society also asks for assistance to continue its pensions to the poor British blind, irrespective of sect, 140 of whom are now being relieved, and to give as many as possible of the destitute London blind the annual Christmas tea and entertainment. This latter gathering is entirely dependent on public help. Some 500 are invited, each receiving a shilling on leaving, and 50*l.* are wanted. Donations are received by the National Provincial Bank of England, Bishopsgate Street, and the Hon. Sec., Mr. T. Clarke, at the Society's Office, 59, Burdett Road, E.



EGYPT AFTER THE WAR—ARABI AND THE HON. MARK NAPIER ON THEIR WAY FROM ARABI'S PRISON TO THE COURT. CROSSING THE QUADRANGLE OF THE DAIRA SANIEH

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



A SINGULAR war panic has arisen in GERMANY and AUSTRIA this week. The *Cologne Gazette* suddenly published the details of the German and Austrian treaty of alliance, which as is well known was concluded in 1879 for five years. According to this, the maintenance of the present possessions of the two Empires was mutually guaranteed. No third Power was to be admitted into the compact, and if either Germany or Austria were threatened from any side, the two Empires would first jointly protest, and next resort to military measures. The publication of these details, and their reproduction by the semi-official journals of both Austria and Germany, created considerable surprise, and anxious inquiries were at once made as to the reason which had prompted such a step at the present time. The answer was quickly given by another article in the *Cologne Gazette*, giving a list of eight strategic railways, all converging upon her Western frontier, which Russia has suddenly begun to construct. Moreover, attention was called in other quarters to the distribution of Russian troops, mainly on the Austrian frontier, which were estimated at 420,000 men. For a long time past—in fact, since the Herzegovinian insurrection last year—there has been a growing uneasiness in Vienna about the hostile intentions of Russia, and in some military circles war has constantly been prophesied. Thus the appearance of these articles roused public excitement, both in Berlin and Vienna, to fever heat; the Bourse was affected, and for some time no one would touch Russian securities. After a time a calmer spirit prevailed, and it was asserted that Prince Bismarck had started the scare in order to throw cold water upon the Slavophile ardour which is embarrassing the peace policy of M. de Giers and the Czar, and to dispel the ever-impending bugbear of a Franco-Russian alliance.

The *North German Gazette*, also, commenting upon a friendly article in the *Moscow Gazette*, authoritatively declared that no misunderstanding existed between the responsible Ministers of both Empires, though "Russian journalists, aided by several persons in official position (an evident hit at General Ignatieff) had succeeded in dimming the judgment of their readers, and laying them open to the influence of the artificial agitation referred to." In the Hungarian Diet, moreover, the Minister-President announced "his conviction" that all the news published by the papers relating to Russian armaments was "either totally unfounded or grossly exaggerated, and that there was not the slightest cause for considering peace as endangered." Notwithstanding these denials considerable uneasiness is felt, as it is considered that Prince Bismarck did not authorise the publication of the Austro-German Treaty without some specific reason, while the circular tour of M. de Giers, the visit to Vienna of Count Herbert Bismarck, and the stay in Rome of a Russian Grand Duke noted for his pronounced anti-Teutonic sympathies, are quoted as signs that disturbing influences underlie the apparent concord between the Russian and the Teutonic Powers.

Other topics in both countries have been the entry of Lord Derby into the British Ministry, and his well-known French sympathies have not failed to evoke some not very agreeable comments. More satisfaction is felt at the issue by England of invitations of the Signatory Powers of the Berlin Treaty for a Conference at London in January on the vexed Danube question. In Germany Prince Bismarck—as usual when important work is on hand—is still suffering severely from neuralgia. He will thus not be able to introduce his spirit-licence tax, which is to be brought forward to-day in the Prussian Chamber. The elections in Metz, which have been looked forward to as a test of the feeling in the annexed provinces, have resulted in the return, by an overwhelming majority, of one of the protesting candidates. In Austria the chief social topic has been the trial of Baron William Pawel-Rammingen for fraud.

Arabi and his colleagues are to leave EGYPT for Ceylon, the place of their exile, on Christmas Day, on board the steamer *Neera*, and under the guardianship of Morich Bey. Before they leave, their sentence of degradation will be publicly read; but, this disgrace apart, their lot does not appear to be superlatively hard for unsuccessful rebels. Each exile will be paid a pension of 30*l.* a month, and can take his family with him if he pleases. Of the minor prisoners nearly all have now been released, including those charged with firing Alexandria; and, this question settled, Lord Dufferin is now devoting his attention to judicial reform and to the all-important problem of the permanent settlement of the country, of which no solution has as yet been publicly proposed, although the negotiations between England and France to this effect are still being busily carried on. It does not appear that France has definitively rejected the British proposals; but thus far has rather hinted that the functions of the proposed President of the Debt Commission should be considerably enlarged, so as to make the self-effacement of French influence a little less apparent.

In FRANCE the bitter tone against England is growing somewhat less marked, partly owing to the Manchester speech of Lord Derby, which is regarded as an eminent sign of conciliation and peace, and partly owing to a feeling of grim satisfaction at the singular assumption that Lord Dufferin is failing in his mission, though whence that assumption has arisen it is difficult to say. The impression which prevails that the control of the Suez Canal is to be separated from the general question, and referred to the consideration of all the European Powers, has also helped to quiet the angry patriotic journalists who so heartily abused England and her policy some months since. Meanwhile the French and English directors of the Suez Canal have been amiably discussing and deciding the best method for relieving the highly congested condition of that great highway. At present it seems there are fourteen stations where one vessel can stop in order to allow another to go by, for two ships are never allowed to pass each other when in motion. These stations, however, only hold five or six ships, and it is accordingly proposed to construct three great stations in which fifty to sixty vessels might anchor if necessary. The funds for this will be raised by a loan on the security of the yearly sum of 40,000*l.*, which by a treaty between the Canal Company and the British Government the former were bound to devote to the improvement of the navigation.

Foreign affairs have excited great interest in France this week, and the entry of "prudent and pacific" Lord Derby into the Ministry in England, and the curious war scare in Germany and Austria, have furnished unlimited food for discussion. In home politics Public Works and Finance are still to the front. The Public Works Budget has been duly passed by the Chamber, and M. Léon Say has made one of his admirable plain-spoken speeches on the financial situation, which is creating such grave alarm at the present moment. He assigned three causes for the diminution of the revenue—the bad harvest of the last three years, the ravages of the phylloxera amongst the vines, and the political considerations which induce officials to pass over frauds on the revenue. Moreover, the expenditure has risen nearly 10,000,000*l.* in two years. M. Say, however, while insisting that prudence and firmness were necessary to bring back the old condition of prosperity, declared that greater caution in expenditure and the stringent collection of revenues would ensure an equilibrium, and perhaps leave a surplus in hand. There is little other Parliamentary news, save that the Chamber has reduced the Tunisian vote from

1,204,000*l.* to 920,000*l.*, and that a Deputy, having complained in the Chamber of the prevalence of church robberies, which he declared was due to the onslaughts by the journals on religion, M. de Fallières retorted that after the Restoration the average of these offences amounted annually to forty-two, while it had fallen to twenty-two since 1876. M. Gambetta's wound is almost well, but he is now suffering from fever and a severe intestinal affection. M. Duclerc also has met with an accident, having sprained his knee.

There seems to have been a little scene in the Cabinet respecting the Tonkin Expedition. Admiral Jaureguiberry had prepared the necessary estimates, but finding his colleagues and M. Grévy opposed to the expedition tore up his papers and resigned his post. M. Grévy, however, refused to accept his resignation, and in the meantime the question is greatly simplified by the news that the Chinese army have been called off from their proposed invasion by a formidable insurrection which has broken out in South-Eastern China.—Another and more peaceable expedition, that of M. de Brazza to the Congo, is meeting with more favour, and M. Duclerc will shortly ask the Chamber for a vote of 32,000*l.* for expenses.—M. de Brazza was duly entertained by the Geographical Society on Monday evening, and was presented with a flag, which he announced would be used in his explorations "as a symbol of peace, liberty, and commerce, protecting the weak, courteous but proud towards the strong. The world is warned."

In PARIS the Union Generale trial has resulted in the condemnation of MM. Bontoux and Feder for fraudulently "rigging" the shares of the company. They have been sentenced to the maximum punishment for the offence—five years' imprisonment and a fine of 120*l.* There is little other social news from Paris. On Monday there was an explosion in a cartridge manufactory on Mount Valérien, which resulted in the death of fifteen and serious injuries to a number of women who were working there at the time. The first exhibition of the International Society of Painters and Sculptors has been opened. It contains 126 paintings and sculptures, and is generally considered to be a success. M. Bastien Lepage sends two London street scenes, a "Flower Girl" and "A Shoeblack Boy." Art this week has sustained a loss in the death of Victor Pollet, one of the favourite pupils of Paul Delaroche, and a well known water-colour painter. There has been only one theatrical novelty, *Kléber*, a five-act drama at the Château d'Eau, by MM. Gaston Marot and Edouard Philippe, in which the remarkable career of that General is vividly portrayed. In the provinces the chief topics of interest have been the trial of the twenty-three prisoners concerned in the autumn disturbances at Montceau les Mines, and the gift by the ex-Empress Eugénie of the handsome park and mansion of Pharo to the people of Marseilles. This park was originally presented to the late Emperor by the town, but on his fall was claimed by the Municipality. This the Empress resisted, and successfully, the Court deciding in her favour. Now that her rights have been acknowledged the ex-Empress spontaneously hands over the land for the public enjoyment.

The Powers that be in INDIA are busy as ever with their various programmes for legislative and land reforms. Thus the Government now proposes to provide for a general distribution of all Bills, Reports of Debates, and of Committee Meetings, so as to invite publicity, and to elicit criticism, and the Hon. Mr. Ilbert told the Legislative Council that arrangements had been made in order that such criticisms should duly reach the Council, and not be overlooked, for, as he very truly remarked, "Without the light of criticism, every legislative proposal is a leap in the dark." Thus, for one thing, the criticisms of the native Press on any pending measure will be collected together and distributed to the various members of the Council, so that they may in some degree ascertain the bent of public feeling. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, also, in opening his Council, made a lengthened speech respecting the measures for extended Local Self-Government. He declared that "After a rule of a hundred years it would be rather a disgrace to us than otherwise if we could not say that the time has come when we should give to the people of this country a much larger share in the administration of their local affairs." The form which these measures should take would be two separate Bills, one in connection with Municipalities, and the second inaugurating the establishment of Local Boards. Municipalities have already existed for some time, but the organisation of Local Boards is a new departure altogether. One of the most burning topics just now, however, is the action of Mr. Grant Duff, who has suspended the supply of official papers to the *Madras Times*, on account of that journal having published some unimportant minute respecting the Governor's tour without official authority. The result has been the most violent denunciation of the Governor in those unmeasured terms which are so characteristic of the Anglo-Indian Press.

In SWITZERLAND considerable discussion has been aroused by a domiciliary visit by the police to Prince Krapotkin's house at Geneva. One of the largest avalanches known in Western Switzerland has fallen near Ormons Dessus, Canton Vaud. It carried away several houses, though causing no fatality, piled up a mass of ice and snow 200 feet thick, and covered three square kilometres of ground.—In ITALY the debate on the Parliamentary Oaths Bill has been vigorously carried on, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether the measure will pass. There has been an outrage in a railway carriage between Casalnuovo and Naples. Two men, while the train was at full speed, drew daggers, and with threats of murder robbed two passengers of their watches and money. Before the train reached Naples the thieves jumped out and escaped.—TURKEY is outwardly quiescent just now, and the Sultan, who is said to be living in perpetual fear of assassination, is mainly devoting himself to the recasting of certain Commercial Treaties, and the formation of a bureau to afford special information to newspaper correspondents, who henceforward will be expelled if they propagate false news.—In SERBIA King Milan has recently opened his Parliament, and has unveiled a statue of his predecessor, Prince Milosch.—In RUSSIA the report that M. Sibirakoff, the Russian banker, had failed is contradicted.—THE UNITED STATES has been chiefly occupied by a railroad war and the tariff question, for the revision of which Bills are to be presented this Session, as the Republican party wish to have the credit for conferring at least this benefit on their country. The Committee on American Shipping have pointed out in their report the reasons of the maritime decline of the United States, and of England's control of the carrying trade, while recommending measures for the revival of American shipping.



THE Queen as usual is spending Christmas in the Isle of Wight. Her Majesty did not leave Windsor on Saturday as arranged, but remained at the Castle to hold a Council in order to endorse the recent Ministerial changes. Audiences were granted to Lords Kimberley and Hartington, and Messrs. Childers and Gladstone, when the three former delivered up the Seals of their respective offices, and the latter resigned the Seals of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and at the subsequent Council, which was also attended

by the Duke of Connaught, Earl Derby was sworn in as Secretary of State for the Colonies, while Her Majesty presented Lords Kimberley and Hartington, and Mr. Childers with the Seals of Office for India, War, and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. In the evening Lady Abercromby, the Dowager-Marchioness of Ely, the Rev. H. White, and Captain and Mr. Edwards joined the Royal party at dinner. On Sunday Her Majesty, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Beatrice, attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Rev. H. White preached. Next day the Queen and Princess Beatrice left for Osborne, and after being received at Clarence Yard by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Admiral Sir G. Hornby, the Royal party crossed the Solent in the *Alberta*, arriving in time for lunch. To-day (Saturday), the Queen and Princess will visit the invalids from Egypt at Haslar Hospital, where all the men have been placed in one ward, so as to shorten Her Majesty's visit. The Queen has sent to the invalids lately visited at Netley Hospital five knitted quilts. One is entirely Her Majesty's own work, and bears the Royal Crown, the date and the initials V.R.I. in the corner, another is knitted by the Princess Beatrice, and bears her initials, while the other three have been worked by ladies of the Court, and the Queen has added a border to each.—Her Majesty will remain at Osborne till the middle of February.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have gone with their family to spend Christmas at Sandringham. Before leaving town the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service on Sunday, and afterwards entertained the Duke of Edinburgh at luncheon. The Prince spent Monday shooting with Sir E. Scott at Sundridge Park, Bromley, when he had capital sport, some 550 head of game falling to the party's guns. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess received the Malagasy Envoys, and in the evening went to the Court Theatre. On Wednesday the young Princes Albert Victor and George arrived at Marlborough House from Switzerland. In the evening the Duke of Connaught dined with the Prince of Wales, and subsequently the Prince went to the first concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society. Yesterday (Friday) they were to leave town for Sandringham.—The Prince will unveil the memorial to the late Prince Imperial at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in the second week of January, and about the 20th prox. will leave town for Berlin to attend the silver wedding festivities of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will also go to Berlin for these festivities, and in the mean time are spending Christmas at Eastwell Park. The Duke paid a short visit to Liverpool on Saturday to open the Home for Aged Mariners at Egremont, staying with the Mayor at Newsham House. After the ceremony the Duke was present at a public luncheon in the Town Hall, and presided at a meeting in aid of the Royal College for Music, while in the evening he attended a concert on behalf of the same object, at which he played the violin obligato to Gounod's "Ave Maria." Subsequently the Duke returned to town. On resigning his post as Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, the Duke has issued a long Report recommending important alterations.—The Duke of Connaught at the end of last week presented the Egyptian medal to the Second Battalion of the Grenadier Guards on the Parade Ground of Chelsea Barracks, and visited the invalids from Egypt in the Westminster and Chelsea Hospitals. The Duke and Duchess with their baby stay at Windsor Castle for Christmas.—Princess Louise has finally decided to winter in Bermuda for the sake of her health. The Princess and her husband are at Monterey this week, but return to San Francisco for Christmas, while soon afterwards they will go back to Ottawa.

Another Royal marriage is being talked of in Germany, this time between the Princess Victoria, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden. The young couple are respectively nineteen and twenty-five years of age, and the Princess in particular is of special interest to English people, as she is the child of the Princess Alice, and has lately spent much time with the Queen.—The Empress of Austria is expected on her hunting visit to Combermere Abbey about the third week in January.



THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF, after a brief illness, on Saturday morning, has deprived the Bench of Bishops of its oldest member. Dr. Ollivant was born in 1798, and graduated at Cambridge in 1821 in the high honours of Sixth Wrangler and Chancellor's Medallist. Vice-Principal of St. David's, Lampeter, from 1827 to 1843, and Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge from 1843 to 1848, he was appointed Bishop of Llandaff in the latter year by Lord John Russell, in succession to the learned Bishop Copleston. Notwithstanding his advanced years, Dr. Ollivant retained his interest in all Church matters to the last, and was a valued member of the Committee for the Revision of the Old Testament. It is little more than a month ago (November 1) that we mentioned the presentation to him of a portrait of himself by Mr. Oulless, subscribed for by the clergy and laity of the Diocese.

ON THE NEXT DAY, after a much longer illness, there died at Penzance, in his eighty-fifth year, a Churchman once even more widely known, the Very Rev. Francis Close, Vicar of Cheltenham from 1826 to 1856, and Dean of Carlisle from 1856 to 1881, when age and illness induced him to resign. Dr. Close was the last surviving leader of the great Evangelical party which aspired fifty years ago to be a foremost power in the State as in the Church, and at Cheltenham during his thirty years' incumbency exercised a supremacy which no one ventured to contest. But his influence was always on the side of good, and Cheltenham owes to him its training schools for schoolmasters and mistresses, and much help in the establishment of its popular College. As Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Close was known for his unswerving opposition to horse-races, theatres, and "worldly" dissipation in every form. The ex-Dean had occasionally done duty since his retirement, and preached at Penzance only a year before his death.

DEAN BOYD, who has been laid up at Vienna ever since the autumn with a broken leg, is now suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis. Prayers for his recovery were offered up last Sunday in Exeter Cathedral.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS paid into the bank on account of the Mayor's Fund at Coventry amount to 3,200*l.*, and the Vestry of Holy Trinity have signed a petition praying for an Act to enable the obnoxious Vicar's Rate to be commuted. At the instance of the Bishop of Worcester, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have consented to set aside 100*l.* per annum in perpetuity to augment the Vicar's stipend.

THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO THE LATE PRIMATE will probably assume the dimensions of a national undertaking. A preliminary and private meeting will be held on Friday, at which the Royal Family will be represented by the Duke of Albany. A monument in Canterbury Cathedral, a home for unbeneficed clergymen too

old to work, and the purchase and restoration for some philanthropic purpose of the ancient archiepiscopal palace at Croydon, the residence of the Archbishops from the time of Edward the Confessor to the beginning of the present century, have all been suggested.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE has proposed to erect a memorial chapel, school, and manse at Epworth, the birthplace of the brothers John and Charles Wesley. The outlay will not exceed 7,000*l.*, a sum which could be raised at once by an average contribution of 10*l.* from each circuit. The task of raising the sum will be entrusted to lady collectors.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER is now legal over the whole of Canada, the Queen not having been advised to exercise her disallowing power in respect of the Act recently passed to legalise all such marriages within the colony.

GRAVE CENSURE HAS BEEN PASSED by the Bishop of St. Alban's on the Rev. C. T. Taunton, of St. John's, Harlow, for attempting to obstruct a Nonconformist funeral by keeping the churchyard gates closed, and compelling the procession to enter by another way. The Bishop has informed the Home Secretary that on hearing what had happened he wrote at once to the aggrieved Nonconformist to express his sorrow, and to Mr. Taunton to say that in this attempt to evade the law he had "outraged all form of Christian feeling." The Home Secretary has transmitted the whole correspondence to the Nonconformist minister, with a hope that the Bishop's "severe and well-merited rebuke will prevent similar attempts for the future."

THE ARCHBISHOPRIC OF CANTERBURY has been offered to the Right Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D., Bishop of Truro, and will, it is understood, be accepted by him, though his formal answer has not yet been given. Dr. Benson was born at Birmingham in 1829, and graduated at Cambridge in 1852 as First-class in Classics and Senior Optime, becoming also in the same year Fellow of Trinity and Senior Chancellor's Medalist. He was Head-master of Wellington College from its opening down to 1872, Canon and Chancellor of Lincoln from 1872 to 1876, and was consecrated Bishop of the new diocese of Truro, April 25th, 1877. Dr. Benson is the author of several religious works, and was one of the contributors to "The Speaker's Commentary on the Bible;" but his chief reputation as a Bishop rests on his singularly able administration of his difficult Cornish diocese.

AFTER a lengthy interview, the Bishop of Manchester has declined to institute the Rev. H. Cowgill to the vacant benefice of St. John's, Miles Platting. A meeting has been called for Friday, at Miles Platting, to consider what is to be done next.

THE REV. D. B. MONRO, Fellow and Vice-Provost of Oriel, was elected, on Wednesday, to the Provostship, in succession to Dr. Hawkins.



TEN NEW SONATAS.—Mr. Henry W. Carte, of the firm of Rudall, Carte, and Co., invites our consideration of a scheme, novel in its way, and, if consistently carried out, likely to be productive of good, not only to musical composers, but to musical art in this country. In times past the publication of sonatas for pianoforte alone was wont both to claim the attention of professional teachers, and yield a fair, sometimes large, emolument to speculators. But a new kind of pianoforte composition long since sprang up; and the old sonata form has gradually gone into disuse since Beethoven brought it to the highest degree of perfection. In the course of the last half century, examples of sonatas to be commended on their absolute merits, independently of their being modelled on the so-styled "classical" type, have been few and far between. With rare exceptions, indeed, none of them have outlived their hour, the large majority being wholly forgotten. The two pianoforte sonatas of Schumann are among his least successful, though most painfully laboured efforts; while the three bequeathed to us by Mendelssohn are very seldom heard, one only—the *Sonata Ecossaise* (in F sharp minor)—having passed into fame. Nevertheless, that a taste and liking for the form itself still widely prevails can hardly be questioned in face of the numberless editions of Beethoven's sonatas spread over Europe and America, the eager curiosity exhibited about those more recently known to us from the pen of Schubert, Beethoven's gifted contemporary, and the many revivals of similar works of Mozart and other of Beethoven's most eminent precursors. A glance at the "Catalogue of Works produced at the Monday Popular Concerts" from the beginning will serve to show that the pianoforte sonatas of the great masters have proved as unfailing attractions as the trios, quartets, quintets, or any other concerted pieces recognised as essential to the programmes. A general opinion obtains that the taste for this class of work having died out (if it has died out) is attributable in a great measure to a lack of musicians endowed either with the ambition or the talent to emulate accepted models. Whether this be so or not, the fact that publishers have long ceased to look upon a MS. sonata with complacency, or even with tolerance, is beyond dispute. Mr. Carte, however, would seem to entertain a less unfavourable view of the matter; and hence the undertaking to which he solicits attention. That he is quite serious will be understood when it is added that he has given commissions to ten well-known composers each to supply him with a sonata—viz., Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, Herren Niels Gade, Grieg, Reinecke, and Dvorak, Sir Julius Benedict, Professor Macfarren, Messrs. C. E. Stephens, John Francis Barnett, and C. Villiers Stanford. Whether the scheme is likely to answer expectation remains to be seen. Meanwhile that the attempt is a bold one, and on that account deserving success, must be generally admitted.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The concert given annually at this festive period by the students in our Royal Academy came off on Friday night, the 15th inst., creating a generally favourable impression. We have no space for a detailed report; but it may be stated, without preamble, that the programme was both varied and good of its kind, affording excellent opportunities for the manifestation of progress legitimately made; that the orchestra, composed of those who owe their position to their Academic experience, combined with others now striving by similar means to win similar distinction, was quite equal to the tasks imposed upon it; that the chorus, nearly 150 strong, mainly, if not exclusively, drawn from the ranks of students now being educated within the walls of the Institution over which Professor Macfarren (worthy successor to Sir Sterndale Bennett) presides with such zeal and ability, gave unqualified satisfaction, not only because of the youthful vigour and freshness of the voices, but also because of the evidently careful training they had undergone; and that Mr. William Shakespeare, by his admirable method of conducting, showed himself to be the right man in the right place. Among the prominent displays of the evening were two new compositions, by students about whom, if we are not greatly mistaken—supposing always they adhere to the straightforward path in which they are treading—a good deal more in the process of time will be heard. These were a *Concertstück* for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, by Charles S. Macpherson, who himself played the solo part; and a setting of the 137th Psalm for soprano solo, chorus, orchestra, and organ, the

work of Mr. F. K. Haitsley—both compositions of decided merit, and appreciated as such, with hardly a dissenting voice. Such promise is encouraging to all who take interest in the Academy of Music and its objects.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON.—According to trustworthy accounts the reception of Madame Nilsson by the American public at Boston has been no less enthusiastic than that which greeted her when, twelve years ago, she first appeared in the United States. Her concerts were attended by "overflowing" audiences, and her efforts applauded with all the ancient fervour. Considerable disappointment was expressed by music-lovers in New York that Madame Nilsson had not made her *début*, as formerly, in that city. Her manager, however, the enterprising Mr. Henry E. Abbey, silenced grumbling by an announcement in the New York papers that Madame Nilsson would give two concerts at Steinway Hall. The pledge was fulfilled. On the afternoon of the 2nd inst. the much-admired lady returned to her earliest devotees, and gave songs in various styles, comprising—as might have been expected—some of those national melodies of her own country which, since Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," was in her prime, no one has expressed with such apparently artless yet undefinable charm. So the old sympathies were vividly brought back, and we may well believe that the result was a fresh triumph. At the last concert—Madame Nilsson's (reputed) "Farewell" to New York—hundreds, it is stated, were unavoidably denied admission, the receipts amounting to 6,000 dollars. Whether Madame Nilsson will appear in opera, and, if so, when, does not seem just now to be decided on. In New York, while Madame Patti is appropriating the stage to herself, most probably not.

WAIFS.—On the eve of Anton Rubenstein's natal day a special concert in his honour was given at the Conservatoire, by the Russian Musical Society, of which he was one of the original founders. The programme consisted exclusively of works from his pen.—Madame Pauline Lucca has warmly taken up the cause of Herr Jauner, manager of the late Ringtheater, declaring him as innocent as any one could be when overtaken by an unforeseen calamity. The police, she-maintained, wanting some excuse for their own negligence, made a sacrifice of Herr Jauner.—Both the Teatro Argentina and the Teatro Costanzi in Rome are said to be in pecuniary straits.—An Armenian operatic company has been giving performances at Smyrna.—The medal presented to Paganini by the Decurial Council at Geneva, in 1834, has been deposited in the case which also contains the celebrated master's favourite violin.—The tenor Signor Campanini, so well known and applauded at Her Majesty's Theatre (the original Lohengrin, too, at Bologna), is at present in Milan. Now that Signor Nicolini is Mr. Mapleson's chosen tenor at the New York Academy of Music, where, of course, he takes the leading parts in all operas belonging to the repertoire of Madame Patti, there is small chance of Campanini's returning, for some time at least, to the "Empire City," unless it be as the operatic colleague of Madame Christine Nilsson, should that lady consent to appear on the stage during her present sojourn in the United States.—The Municipality of Valparaiso have voted the erection of a new theatre, with an auditorium spacious enough to accommodate 2,000 persons. The cost of the building is estimated at about 70,000*l.*, but is likely to exceed that sum by a good deal.—The revival of Verdi's *Macbeth* has created no particular sensation at the Lisbon San Carlo.—Madame Minnie Hauk, having returned from her tour in Canada, has been re-engaged by Mr. Mapleson for the New York Academy of Music, and was to make her *début* in her favourite opera, *Carmen*, as representative of the heroine, in which she has everywhere earned "golden opinions."—Madame Albani is expected at New York early next month. After singing at the concert of the Symphony Society, she will leave for Chicago, where she is to make her operatic *début*.—Some doubt is attached to the report contained in various foreign journals about the sudden loss of sight of M. de Flotow. It is to be hoped that the popular composer of *Martha* and *Stradella* may enjoy the benefit of the doubt.



THE TURF.—As is usually the case after postponements, from whatever cause they may arise, racing over obstacles at Sandown Park on Saturday last was, to put it mildly, a *fiasco*. Several of the best horses had been withdrawn from various stakes, and for the big race of the day one of the cracks, Thornfield, was scratched, her owner being of the "Hebrew persuasion." And so it came to pass that only three animals came to the post for the Great Sandown Steeplechase—Sugar Plum, Ignition, and Zoedone. The first was naturally made favourite, and, with Mr. H. Beasley in the saddle, the odds of 6 to 4 were laid on the Irish mare, while 5 to 1 was laid against Zoedone. However, the last in the betting was first at the finish, her owner, Count C. Kinsky, showing good form, and winning by twenty lengths from Sugar Plum. Ignition fell at the water-jump, and gave her jockey, J. Adams, a ducking. For the Handicap Steeplechase six started, and the Irish animal, Starvation, came in first; but it subsequently transpired that the start had been made at the wrong post, and the Stewards declared the race void. We must now wait till the New Year for any more "Cross-country sport."—"Nothing succeeds like success," and therefore it was in accordance with the fitness of things that on Monday evening last at the Westminster Palace Hotel a very handsome testimonial of silver plate was presented to the crack jockey, Fred Archer, by his "friends and admirers," in celebration of his approaching marriage with Miss Dawson. Lord Hastings has also presented Archer with a prize bullock from the Islington Show, which will be roasted whole on Newmarket Heath on the evening of the wedding.—The old-established meeting at Bath has been given up, at least for next year, the gate-money meetings being evidently too much for it. Time was when this gathering was one of the most important of the year, and one of the most pleasant ones too on the breezy heights of Lansdown. During the meeting Derby favourites often went through what was called a course of "Bath Waters," and more than one has succumbed to their potency.—Mr. Keene's horses, including Foxhall, have been removed from the care of William Day, and placed under that of R. Marsh at Newmarket. The other American owner, Mr. Lorillard, has placed his under T. Cannon at Stockbridge.—The Earl of Stamford is reported as somewhat better.—Mr. Henry Jones, the breeder of the famous Prince Charlie, has committed suicide, owing, it is said, to his having become security to the extent of nearly two thousand pounds for a person who has got into difficulties. Those who remember the day on which Mr. Jones rode on Prince Charlie's back into Newmarket in a sort of triumphal procession after his victory over *Peut-être* can hardly fail contrasting it with the painful end of the unhappy gentleman, who hung himself in his own stable.—There has been but little speculation on the Derby lately, but a wager of 500*l.* to 150*l.* is recorded as having been laid against Beau Brummel, Fulmen, and Ladislas coupled, and 100 to 7 accepted right out against the first-named, who it is said will probably be the mount of F. Archer.

COURSING.—Little has been doing in the way of public coursing since our last notes; but sport at Kempton Park has

shown a decided improvement.—For the Waterloo Cup Lord Haddington's nomination has gone back to 25 to 1, at which price Snowlight, the winner last spring, has been supported.—Mr. Hedley, the well-known coursing judge, will, it is said, leave for Australia after the Waterloo meeting, having accepted a most liberal offer to judge at the chief Antipodean meetings which commence at the latter end of May.

CRICKET.—At Adelaide the Hon. Ivo Bligh's team have played a drawn game against Fifteen of South Australia, Mr. Tylecote making 59 and Barnes 42 in their first innings.—A suggestion has been made that cricketers might keep their hands in during the winter months, in both bowling and batting, by laying down broad cocoa-nut matting. A gentleman, who has tried it, vouches that the balls invariably rise to the height of the balls, hardly ever shoot, and any amount of "work" can be got on them. Anyhow, "matting" and "batting" rhyme very well, whatever be the reason in the suggestion.

FOOTBALL generally gets a little slack as Christmas approaches. Some good matches, however, have been recently played. For the Association Cup the Old Carthusians have beaten the Old Westminster by three goals to two, but the latter claim a third goal, and have entered a protest against the match being awarded to their opponents. The Blackburn Olympic has beaten the Darwen Ramblers by eight goals to none; and the Old Etonians (the holders) have beaten Rochester by seven goals to none.—In a Rugby Union match at Swansea, on Saturday last, between England and Wales, the former won by two goals and four tries to *nil*.—In Association games Lancashire has beaten North of England, the game being a trial match preparatory to the North v. South Association fixture; but with the Sheffield Association the County could only make a drawn game of it. The Wanderers and Harrow School have also played a drawn game.

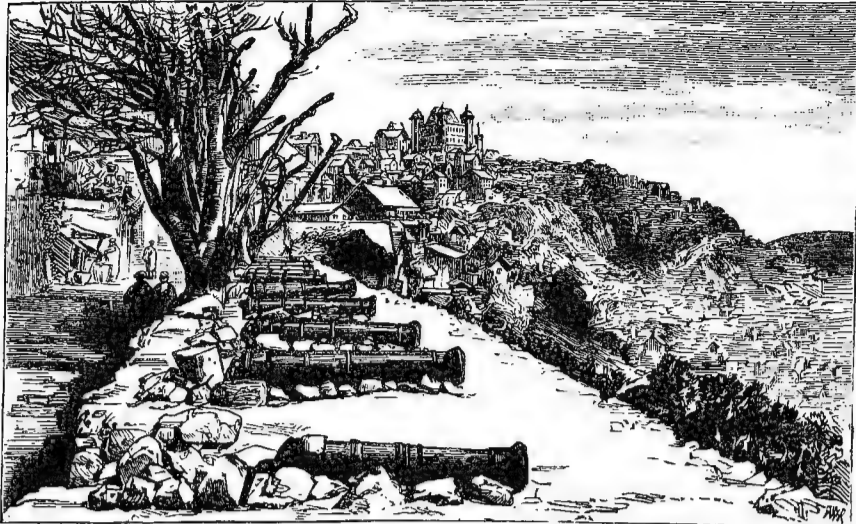
PEDESTRIANISM.—From America we hear that our English champion, Mr. George, before he left the country, ran in a ten miles' handicap at the Madison Square Gardens, starting, of course, at "scratch." He is reported to have covered the ground in splendid style, and passed all the twenty-two runners except Delaney, who had three minutes' start, and completed the distance in the nett time of 56 min. 9 sec., George's time for the full distance being 57 min. 7 sec. It is said that Myers intends visiting this country in June, and that George has offered again to run him three races—viz., a mile, three-quarters, and half a mile.—At Lillie Bridge, J. W. Raby, amateur ex-champion, but now, it appears, a professional, has beaten W. Franks in a one hour's walking match. He walked eight miles in 59 min. 18 sec., and in the hour did a full distance of 8 miles 171 yards. This is one yard behind the best English record. Franks covered 8 miles 76 yards in the hour.



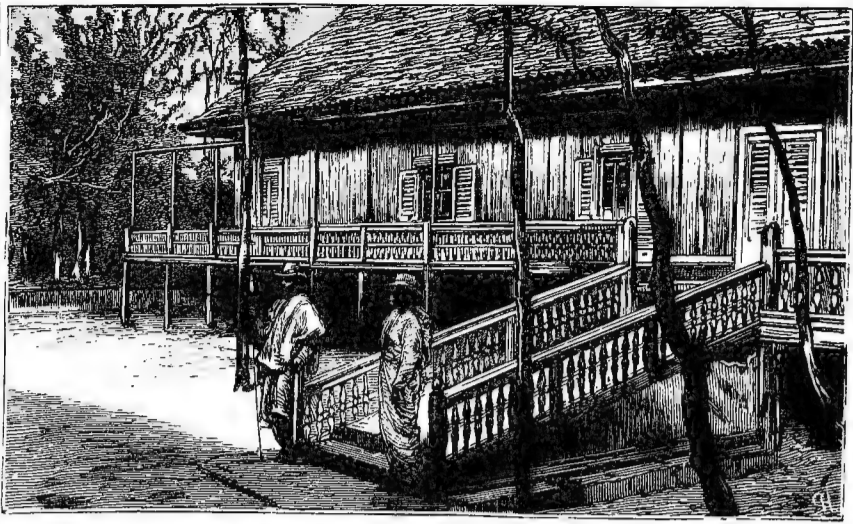
THE defects which have been discovered in the new comedy at the COURT Theatre are neither trifling nor imaginary; but, after all deduction is made on this account, *Comrades* remains an interesting play, not to speak of the incidental interest which it possesses as the work of a young writer who has the creditable ambition of aspiring to something better than the position of a mere adaptor. In the playbill it bears the joint names of Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. B. C. Stephenson, but it is understood to be substantially the work of the former gentleman, who is a humble member of the St. James's company, Mr. Stephenson's share in the piece being confined to some improvements in the manuscript. Its most striking fault is the circumstance that its serious and passionate situations are made to arise out of a mere misconception, which could, and in daily life undoubtedly would, be easily removed. This, no doubt, is a charge that might be made against many plays, both by the greatest and the humblest of dramatists. A little common sense and a few obvious inquiries in the right quarter would, it must be admitted, have probably saved *Othello* from the painful duty of taking the life of the lady he adored; and a score of other examples readily suggest themselves. But in the case of *Comrades* the misconception is not only artificially maintained, it is also very artificially brought about. In order to overwhelm the hero, Captain Darleigh, with the supposed discovery that he is illegitimate, it is found necessary to invent a father in the person of one General Dexter, who is so curiously tender towards a young wife that he feels it necessary to conceal from her, and therefore from all the world, that he is not a bachelor, but a widower. In one of Præd's poems a sentimental lover observes of his lady love:—

She smiled on many just for fun,
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.

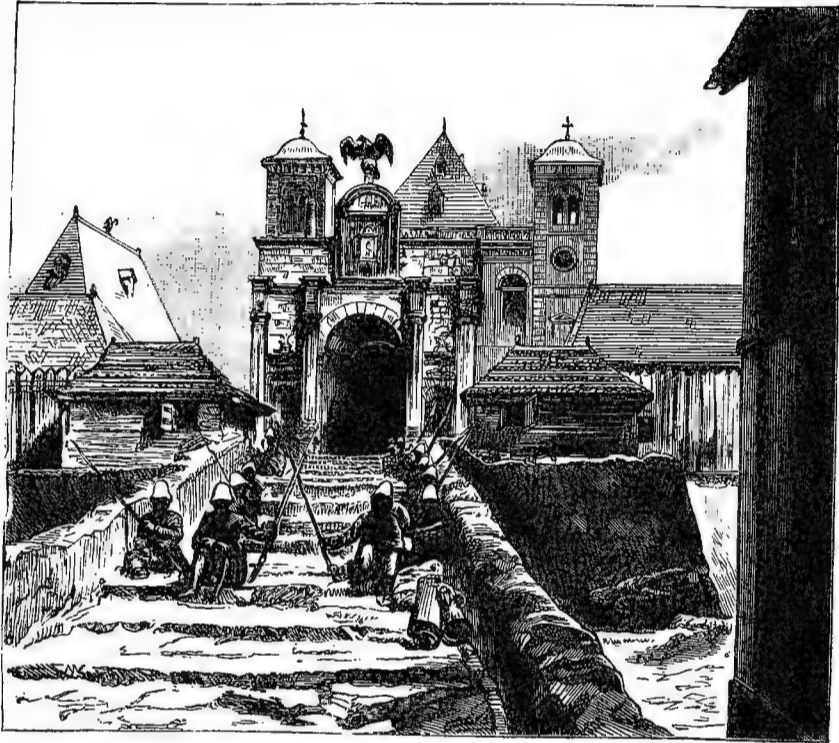
Some such feeling as the gentleman here indulges in is supposed to be attributed by General Dexter to his youthful second bride. Rather shabbily, and with a decidedly unsoldierly lack of manly frankness, he accordingly determines to persuade her that she is the only one his heart has thought of for a minute. Granted such a lover, the consequences are, perhaps, less difficult to conceive. The first wife was a boyish love. She died in giving birth to a son, which the stern obligations of military duty in all parts of the world compel the father to leave in the hands of strangers. It might be that this romantic episode in his life had become painful to him, and a thing to be dismissed from his memory as much as possible, and it is conceivable that all the embarrassments such a course would be likely to produce were not present to his mind till it was too late to repair the error, without bringing humiliation on himself and pain on others; for Lady Dexter has now a son, who is verging upon manhood; and who is, of course, expected by his mother to succeed to his father's title, and probably to more substantial advantages from the principle of promogeniture. But the fates are against further concealment. The two brothers, being alike destined to the military profession, meet, and become fast friends. Captain Darleigh is invited to the General's country seat, and there, much to the chagrin of a mischief-making and match-making sister of the General, falls in love with the Lady Constance Birklands, for whom the younger brother has a deep, though scarcely avowed, passion. In these circumstances it wants but a hint from the match-making sister that the visitor is an adventurer, and a man of no family or position, to awaken an inquiry: The questions put by Captain Darleigh to his benefactor and protector, the General, "Who am I?" "What am I?" "Who was my mother?" "Who was my father?" bring about the crisis of the story. That the General should hesitate, that the son should stop his mouth when he is about to explain all, lest he should hear a terrible truth, and his father be overwhelmed with shame, is not unnatural. The scene any way is a very fine one, and it is acted by Mr. Coghlan as Captain Darleigh and Mr. Clayton as the General with a degree of power which greatly excites the audience. Throughout the play Mr. Coghlan's acting, at once manly and tender, aided by a peculiar gift of suggesting subdued feeling which this most finished actor possesses, was highly effective, and served in no small degree to help the audience to forget the slender foundations on which the author has based all this display of passion. That the estrangement between



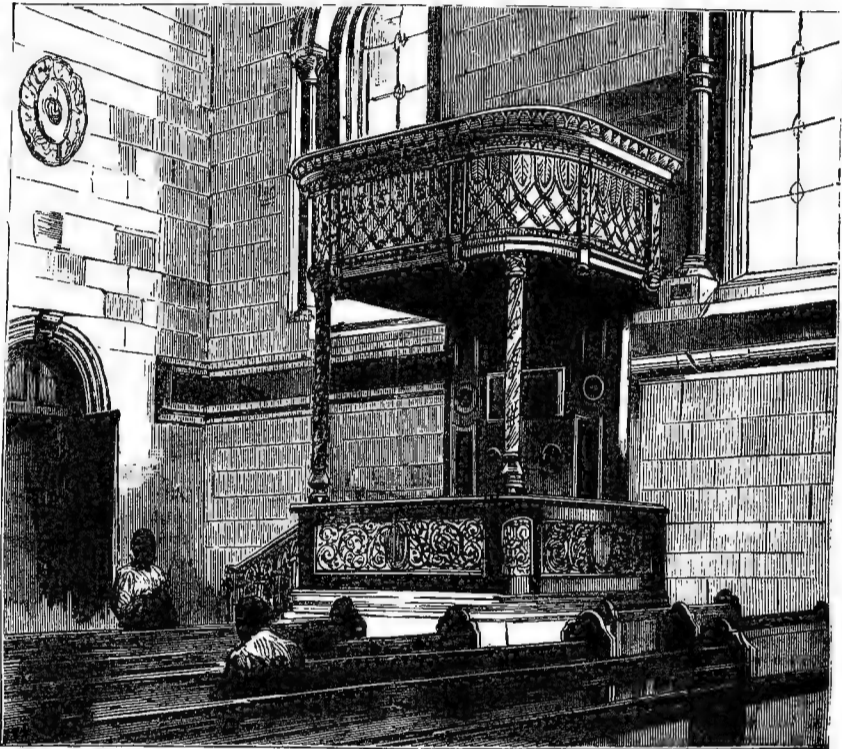
THE BATTERY, AMBODINANDOHALO, ANTANANARIVO



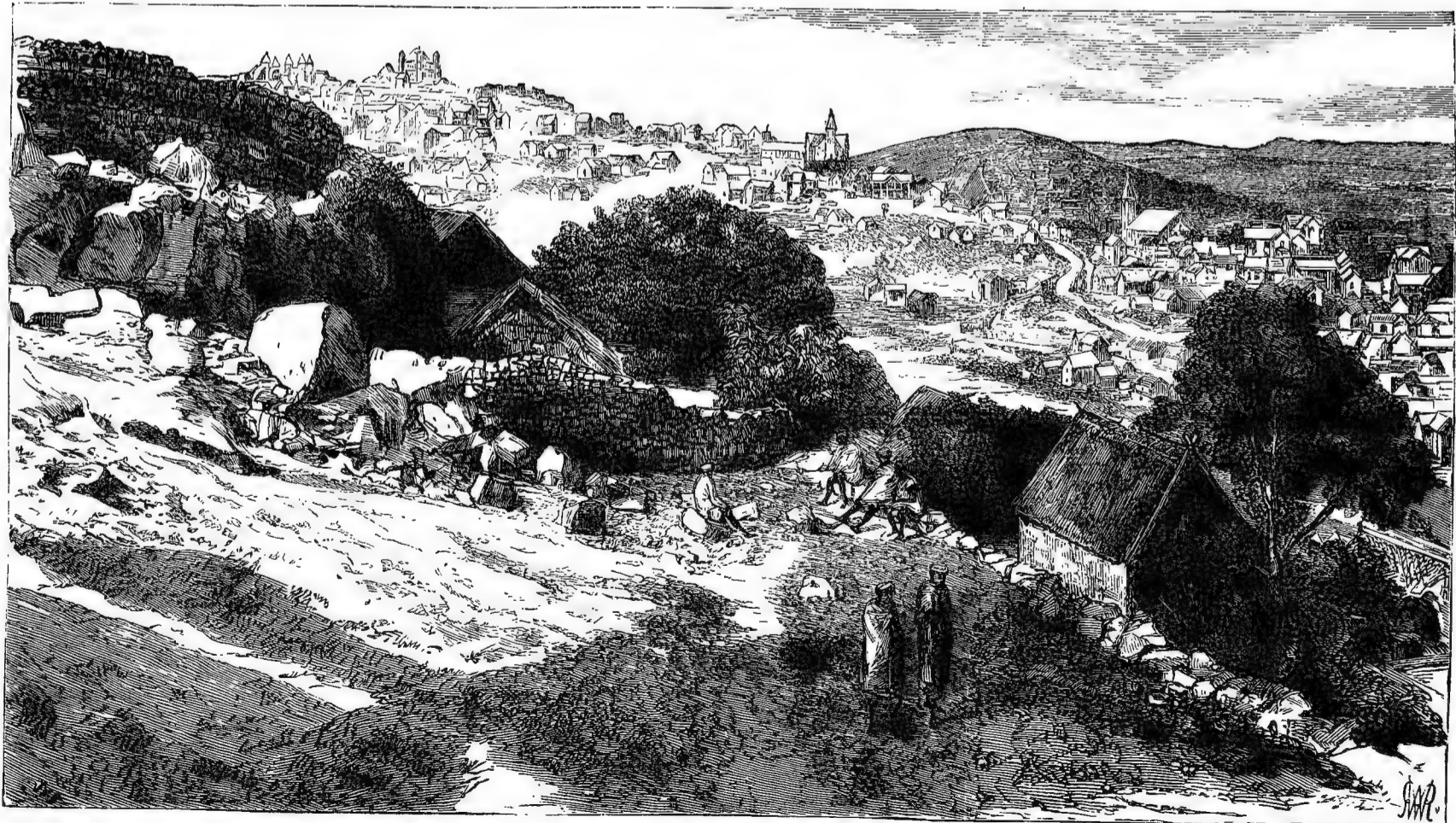
THE QUEEN'S PALACE, ANTANANARIVO



GUARDS AT THE ENTRANCE-GATE OF THE QUEEN'S PALACE, ANTANANARIVO



THE QUEEN'S FEW IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL WITHIN THE PALACE PRECINCTS



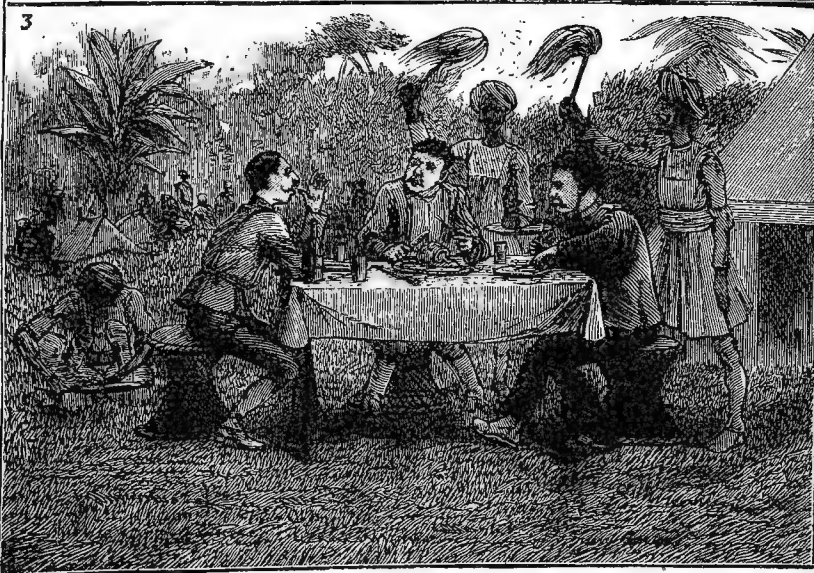
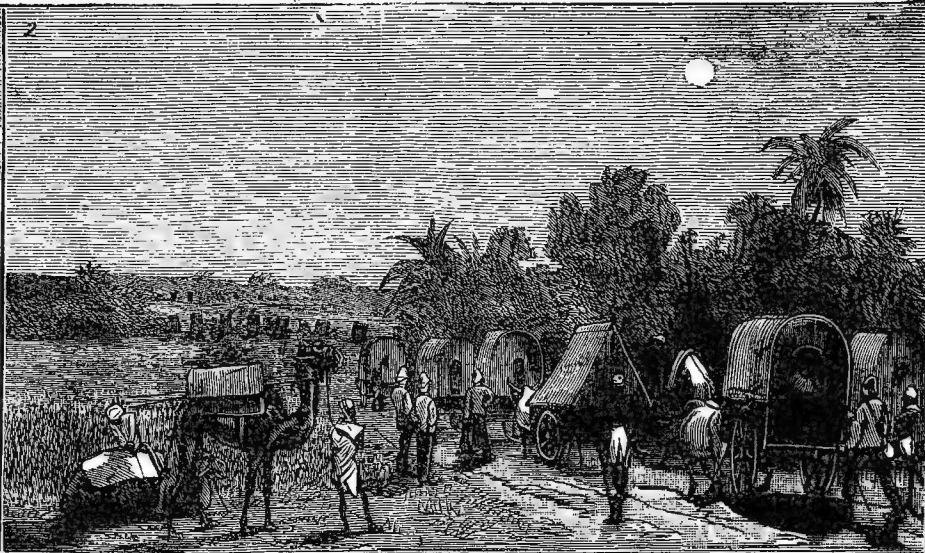
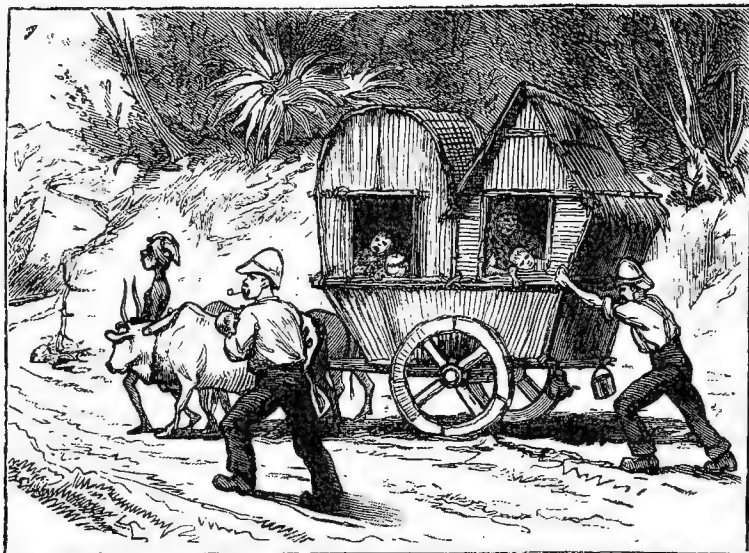
ANTANANARIVO FROM THE NORTH



AGED MARINERS' HOME, EGREMONT, CHESHIRE, OPENED ON THE 16TH DECEMBER BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH



THE COREAN EMBASSY TO CHINA—THE ENVOY AND HIS SUITE



1. A Double Topper.—2. The Start for Moradabad.—3. Dinner at Kasipur.—4. His Bullock Dead Beat, and Five Miles to Camp.

INDIA—A MARCH TO A HILL STATION WITH INVALIDS

the Captain and the Lady Constance, consequent upon the former's renunciation of the lady's love, conveyed in rather unnecessarily harsh and ambiguous fashion, will in the end be dispelled, and that the lad, Arthur Dexter, will finally waive his pretensions on behalf of his half-brother and gallant comrade in arms if, of course, easily to be foreseen, but the dramatist's efforts to maintain the interest in the last act until the secret of Captain Darleigh's birth is made known to the world are not altogether unsuccessful. That the new play interested the audience is beyond question. Nor is it quite fair to say that this result was mainly due to the acting—excellent though the acting was. Mr. Mackintosh's performance of the part of an old Irish Sergeant of Dragoons, now an officer's confidential servant, is an admirable rendering of an admirable conception. The Sergeant's humour, tenderness, and fidelity afford perpetual amusement, and his generous sentiments, which are thoroughly natural and unexaggerated, help further to make his presence welcome to the audience. Quite an outburst of applause followed upon his rejection of the bribe to discover a secret, rather coarsely offered by the match-making lady, in the words, "Sayrest sarvice money, ma'am, don't go well with a soldier's pay. It's like dirty water in your grog; it makes it more, but it spoils the taste." Miss Marion Terry, a pleasing and a graceful actress, though somewhat wanting in the power of varying her modes of expression, plays the part of Lady Constance at least with good taste and feeling. The second Lady Dexter is represented with excellent art by Miss Carlotta Addison. Mr. D. G. Boucicault has never played so well before as in the part of the younger brother. In the part of a rather weak-minded go-between Mr. Arthur Cecil is not very happy, which is, however, more the fault of the part than of the actor. Some less prominent characters are well filled by Mr. H. Kemble and Miss Erskin. A youthful actor, Master Phillips, made a decidedly favourable impression in the part of a ploughboy with military aspirations. Praise must be awarded to Mr. Perkins's set scene in the second act, which is as thoroughly English a bit of landscape as anything that Constable or Old Crome have painted.

The arrangements at the theatres for Boxing Day include very few absolute novelties—the custom nowadays being to bring out new pieces a little in advance of that genial but somewhat uproarious occasion. Thus, the new burlesque drama, *Valentine and Orson*, will be produced at the Gaiety this afternoon, while to-night a new adaptation of *Jane Eyre*, by Mr. W. G. Wills, will be brought out by Mrs. Bernard-Beere at the GLOBE theatre. The DRURY LANE pantomime, *Sindbad*, will be produced according to unalterable custom on Boxing Night. On the afternoon of Boxing Day pantomimes will be produced at the AVENUE and IMPERIAL theatres, and also at the majority of houses in the suburbs. The reopening of HER MAJESTY'S theatre, under the management of Mr. Alfred Thompson, with a grand spectacular pantomimic extravaganza, called *The Yellow Dwarf*, will take place on Saturday next.

The statement that Mr. Bancroft has acquired the right to adapt M. Sardou's latest production, *Fidora*, is, we believe, strictly correct; but the inference that arrangements will shortly be made for producing an English version both here and in America is less accurate. Whether *Fidora* will be brought out at the HAYMARKET however is more than doubtful. It is a powerful but somewhat sombre melodrama, with but little relief in the way of comedy scenes.

Mr. Savile Clarke's "opera di camera," *An Adamless Eden*, acted by Miss Lila Clay and her troupe of lady performers, at the OPERA COMIQUE, has achieved a very decided success. It is written with much more care than is usually bestowed upon an opera libretto. The book, indeed, which is published at "The Court Circular" office, is extremely diverting. Its dialogue is always lively, and Mr. Clarke's rhymes, which are plentifully supplied in the form of songs and choruses, display, besides their wit and general vivacity, a very happy faculty for subduing easy colloquial phrases to the laws of rhythm.

A new comedy drama has been written by Mr. Byron expressly for the VAUDEVILLE theatre, where it will be produced upon the withdrawal of *The Rivals*. Mr. Byron, whose health we are glad to learn is much improved, is also at work on new pieces for Mr. Toole and Mr. J. S. Clarke.

The STRAND bill has undergone a change, Mr. J. S. Clarke appearing in his old part of Beetles in Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy, *The Babes in the Wood*—now for some unexplained reason renamed *Floped*.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—That the Moore and Burgess Minstrels never performed out of London had almost passed into a proverb; however, even they have had to yield to *force majeure*, and, during needful alterations at their old haunts, have been for several months on tour in the provinces. But they propose to recommence their London season on Boxing Day, as usual, in St. James's Grand Hall, where they will appear with a budget of novelties.



RURAL NOTES

THE CHRISTMAS FAT STOCK SALES this year are being marked by good prices. The London market had a show of 7,370 cattle against 8,150 in 1881, and prices ranged from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 4d., being 4d. to 6d. advance on the year, and the highest quotation since 1875. The Arundel Show was remarkable for unusually fine cattle and sheep, though the number of animals shown was disappointingly small. There was a good show of cattle at Frome, and up to 44l. was realised for cattle, while fat sheep made four pounds, and sometimes a little more. The Leeds Show was disappointing, while that at Croydon showed material and gratifying improvement on the preceding year. Slough was a very brisk market, over 6,000l. being quickly realised for 140 cattle, 700 sheep, and 200 pigs. Other very good Shows have been those at Edenbridge, Dunster, and Hayward's Heath.

CATTLE are doing well on roots, and cake is now very cheap, so that owners can feed liberally. Hay too is cheap, for the bulky crop of this year, coupled with some pressure to sell, has had the effect of bringing down quotations considerably—in fact as low as 60s. per ton, as with so many substitutes to be procured, in the form of carrots, swedes, and mangel, a less quantity is consumed by the majority of horsekeepers than is the case in many winters. Not only is rough hay plentiful, but in many districts the large crops of bean and pea straw furnish an article which, when mixed with other diet, is much appreciated both by young cattle and horses. These things are so far fashionable, but we have to remember that store-stock are being bought in so dear that little margin for future profit is allowed. Breeders of young steers and heifers are doing an uncommonly good business, but farmers of small capital cannot get a sufficient number of cattle for their farms.

MAN AND HIS STAFF OF LIFE.—In a rather remarkable letter, addressed to a daily contemporary, Mr. W. J. Harris points out that while the spare arable land of the world is being exhausted much faster than is commonly supposed, at the present time the landowners of England are making every effort to lay down permanent pasture. "To make a pasture is not such an easy thing as people generally suppose. A vast quantity of our

agricultural land is totally unfitted for it, and on a great deal more it is only done at very great expense. When once a pasture is made, the land brings twice the rent that it would on tillage, and the failure is more general than the success in the attempt, and it is probable that the land already converted into pasture in this country represents by far the greater proportion of that which will succeed. Thus at a vast outlay the limit has been nearly reached by improvements of this sort, and after the outlay has been made we arrive at the ugly fact that at no distant period it will have to be ploughed up again, and tilled with wheat to supply the urgent needs of the people.

BARLEY continues to arrive from abroad in good quantities, while over 350,000 qrs. are now on passage to the United Kingdom. Farmers are also selling freely, so that barley offerings altogether are beginning to overweight demand. The prices realised are not satisfactory, except for the finer and brighter sorts, while the diminishing inquiry for malt is an alarming sign for growers of this cereal. The price of malt is now very low—26s. to 34s. per qr.—so that the outlook is bad for the immediate as well as for the more distant future.

BOTANISTS seem to be in no haste to rid themselves of their old evil repute for bad English, bad Latin, and bad taste in the nomenclature of flowers. It is a melancholy thing that our latter-day scientists give us poorer names, and uglier, than the uneducated rustics of earlier generations. The good old plant-names were of two principal classes; familiar, as for instance "Ducksfoot," or fanciful, such as "Lady's Slipper." Now there seems to be no regular classification, good or bad. We have before us a list of the new plants of 1882, certificated by the Royal Horticultural Society. Looking down the list we find the special sorts of *Amaryllis* baptised into English "Autumn Beauty" and "The Giant." Special sorts of *Arcidium* on the other hand have Latin agnomina, "stelligerum" and "teretifolium." Then we find a curious language neither English or Latin: "*Adiantum Legrandii*" and "*Vernica Hukiana*." A further glance shows us mixed Latin and French "*Tydea Magicien*" and final triumph in Latin-English in the "*Rhododendron Mangles*!"

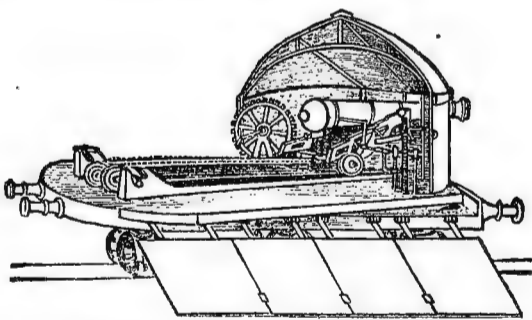
LAWNS AND EARTH WORMS.—In the dull damp autumn weather, the little friends of the great Darwin are wont to be busy throwing up casts of earth and otherwise fulfilling the ends of their being. And nowhere, so many an angry acquaintance assures us, do they so delight in turning up their miniature molehills so much as on the trim green lawn. Now have any of those who object to this conduct upon the part of the worms tried the effect of water from newly slaked lime? It adds to the colour of the lawn, and is a distinctly fertilising agent, while there is good reason for supposing that it causes considerable annoyance to the worms. Certain it is that they quickly come to the surface to expostulate, when of course they may easily be swept off, or left to the kind attentions of poultry.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE has invaded the Queen's farm at Windsor, and prevails extensively in Essex, though not usually in a severe form. In Suffolk and Norfolk a large number of places remain infected, and farmers are much concerned at the restraint imposed on the sale of stock. Northamptonshire and Lincoln are suffering from this disease also, though in a less degree than Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk.

WILD BIRDS.—The Home Secretary has altered the close time for wild birds in the following counties and districts—Huntingdonshire, the Liberty of Peterborough, and the Isle of Ely, so as to be from 15th March to 31st August, and the county of Essex to be from 15th March to August 1st.

DESIGN FOR AN IRONCLAD TRAIN

THIS engraving is taken from a pamphlet published at Edinburgh in 1853, and entitled "A System of National Defence." It was written by the late Mr. James Anderson, C.E. and F.R.S., and it has been forwarded to us by his widow, who resides at 31, Dundas Street, Edinburgh. The employment of the "armoured train" in the recent operations in Egypt has led to several persons claiming to have originated the idea of thus using locomotives in offensive



A SYSTEM OF NATIONAL DEFENCE—THE LATE MR. ANDERSON'S DESIGN FOR AN IRONCLAD TRAIN, 1852

warfare. We learn from this pamphlet that Mr. Anderson submitted his designs for an armoured train to the Board of Ordnance as long ago as 1849, but the idea of a railway carriage as an engine of war was not then considered feasible. Mr. Anderson's plan was twofold—First, to construct railways where they did not exist, for the purpose of coast defence; and, secondly, to make ordnance railway carriages of war (as shown in the engraving) carrying a 32-pounder gun. The gun was to be worked by four men, and the sides of the platform were protected by iron fenders.



THE RECENT ELEVATION OF MR. ANSTIE, of the Oxford Circuit, to the rank of Queen's Counsel puts an end, so the *Law Journal* informs us, to the ancient office of putman to the Exchequer. This officer and his colleague the postman—both always members of the Outer Bar—were so called because they took their stand at the Bar of the Court, the one beside the tub which was the measure of capacity in Excise cases, the other by the post which was the measure of length. The last postman was the present Mr. C. Hall, Q.C. Both officers enjoyed certain privileges, and their boxes may still be seen at either end of the Bar in the Court where the Belt trial is being heard. But the boxes will not be removed to the New Law Courts, and in another week the last visible and outward sign of an old institution will have disappeared.

THE INJUNCTION granted by Vice-Chancellor Bacon in the suit of Smith, Elder, and Co. v. Shepherd, restraining the defendant from printing or publishing any letters or unpublished writings and sketches of the late W. M. Thackeray, has been dissolved upon appeal—Mr. Shepherd undertaking to alter the title of his forthcoming book, and to publish nothing which had not been published prior

to 1840, and in which the copyright had not expired. The plaintiff's counsel declared himself satisfied with this arrangement, and an order was made to stay all further proceedings without costs on either side.

"WHEN THEY DO AGREE ON THE STAGE THEIR UNANIMITY IS WONDERFUL," says Mr. Puff in the *Critic*, and some such reflection must have occurred to many in Court as R.A. after R.A.—the President at their head—came forward to depose in almost the same words that the bust of Signor Pagliati modelled by Mr. Belt under the surveillance of the Court was inferior in all points of artistic merit to the bust No. 97, in which "the ghost" might possibly have had an hand. The audience enjoyed the scene immensely, and their mirth moved Mr. Webster, Q.C., to inquire if he was standing in a Court of Justice. Counsel on both sides have now completed their arguments, and the verdict may yet be given before Christmas. Only suitors for whom Belt v. Lawes has stopped the way for about forty days grumble at a trial which has thrown much amusing light on Art behind the scenes.

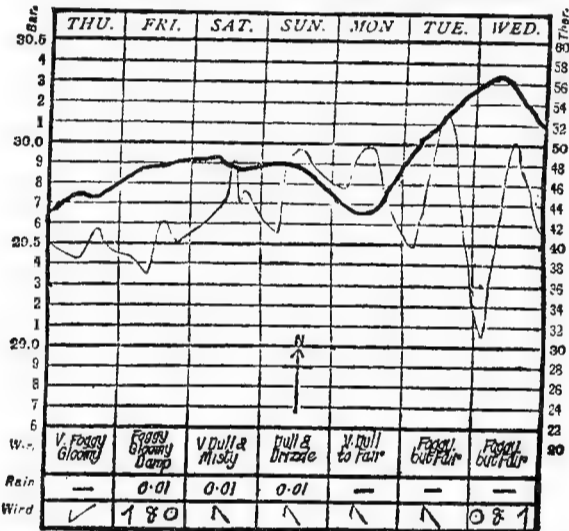
AN IMPORTANT DECISION affecting a number of School Board cases over all the country was given on Tuesday in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court on an appeal from a judgment of the police magistrate at Southwark. The magistrate had ruled that no penalty could be enforced under the 11th Section of the Education Act except in the case of children prohibited from full-time employment, but permitted to work half-time, thus leaving the School Board without a remedy against the parents of children prohibited from work altogether. The Judges, after hearing arguments on both sides, unanimously reversed the decision of the inferior court.

THE SITTINGS OF THE SUPREME COURT OF JUDICATURE, which begin on the 11th of January, will be held in the New Courts of Justice, and Westminster Hall and the Courts of Lincoln's Inn will be deserted henceforth by lawyers and suitors. There will be one Court of Appeal, four Courts each of the Chancery and the Queen's Bench Divisions, and two of the Probate and Admiralty Division.

LOUISA JANE TAYLOR, the Plumstead prisoner, has been found guilty of the murder of Mrs. Tregellis, and Mr. Justice Stephen, in passing sentence, told her that nothing remained for her but to prepare to die. The only apparent motive for the crime was the hope of becoming the second wife of the old lady's husband, an aged man in the receipt of a small Government pension.—The soldier Harris, the murderer of Corporal Edgar in Woolwich Barracks, has been reprieved.—The full sentence of five years' penal servitude has been inflicted on the Russian Novinski for the robbery of bonds to the amount of 15,300l. from a fellow countryman, M. Savitch.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM DECEMBER 14 TO DECEMBER 20 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this period has been very foggy and dull, with little or no wind, and scarcely any rain. During this time depressions have existed in the south-west and west, but have not been of sufficient importance to materially affect us. On Thursday (14th inst.) a depression lay off the south-west of France, and moved off to the eastward, pressure slowly rising with us, and very light winds and calm, with gloomy fog prevailing. Another depression made its appearance in the west the following day, remaining stationary, the level of the mercury being still very uniform in our neighbourhood, and fog, with scarcely any wind, was again experienced. Conditions were somewhat modified next day, dull skies and mist existing. Sunday (17th inst.) found pressure falling slightly, with light south-easterly winds and dull weather, and a depression, well marked, but not deep, was shown on Monday (18th inst.), the state of the weather being little changed. The barometer rose briskly on Tuesday (19th inst.), with a south-easterly wind and some fog, which became very dense by Wednesday morning, clearing somewhat as the day advanced. Temperature, which rose steadily throughout the week till Tuesday (19th inst.), when a great fall took place, was above the average. The barometer was highest (30.32 inches) on Wednesday (20th inst.); lowest (29.65 inches) on Thursday (14th inst.); range, 0.67 inches. Temperature was highest (52°) on Tuesday (18th inst.); lowest (32°) on Wednesday (20th inst.); range, 20°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.03 inches.

IRISH PROCESS-SERVERS.—A "Lover of Justice" writes thus: "I desire to call the attention of the Government and the English public to that unfortunate class of Civil servants in Ireland, namely, summons-servers, process-servers, and bailiffs, who have been murdered, maimed, and cruelly outraged in Ireland for the last three years, they being hunted like wild beasts. Yet there is not one to advocate their claims. Sub-Inspectors and their men of the Royal Irish Constabulary have got special Acts of Parliament passed to remunerate and reward them, but there is not a word of sympathy for the first-named class! Are not summons and process-server who serve faithfully for a number of years, and are always in danger, particularly of late years, as deserving of pension and compensation as the Royal Irish Constabulary?"

THE POST OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY FOR 1883.—We cannot justly say "Welcome, little stranger!" for the *magnum opus* of Messrs. Kelly and Co. which has now had eighty-four birthdays, can scarcely be classed as a pocket volume. But as a useful volume it is beyond compare, and no man of business can venture to say or sing, "We mean to do without it." That it is brought up to the latest date is shown by the following instances, viz., that Mr. Coleridge J. Kennard appears as the new M.P. for Salisbury; and that Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Beauchamp Seymour are shown to have fitted to the Fairyland of the House of Peers. For some years we used to complain annually that the Map of London was liable to tear. Messrs. Kelly have for the last year or two taken our advice, and backed it with stout canvas. So far so good, but has not the time almost come for a map on a larger scale? The smaller thoroughfares can no longer be distinctly portrayed. We should like a map as distinct as that which Messrs. Kelly published in 1843, and which we have just been admiring. Would subscribers grudge a few shillings extra, for a map on a similar scale, suitable to the mighty Babylon of 1883? We trow not.

MARRIAGE.
On the 19th inst., at the Church of Emanuel, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire, by the Rev. Benjamin Irvin, Vicar, assisted by the Rev. John Charlton, of Raskliffe, Huddersfield, cousin of the bridegroom, JOHN CHARLTON, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and 7, Victoria Road, Kensington, to CATHERINE JANE MACFARLAN, youngest daughter of THOMAS VAUGHAN, Esq., J.P., D.L., of Ughorpe Lodge, Whitby, and granddaughter of the late JAMES VAUGHAN, Esq., of Gunnergate Hall, Middlesbrough-on-Tees.

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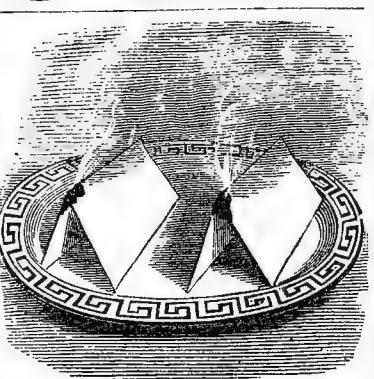
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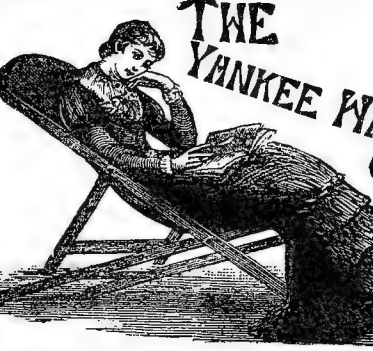
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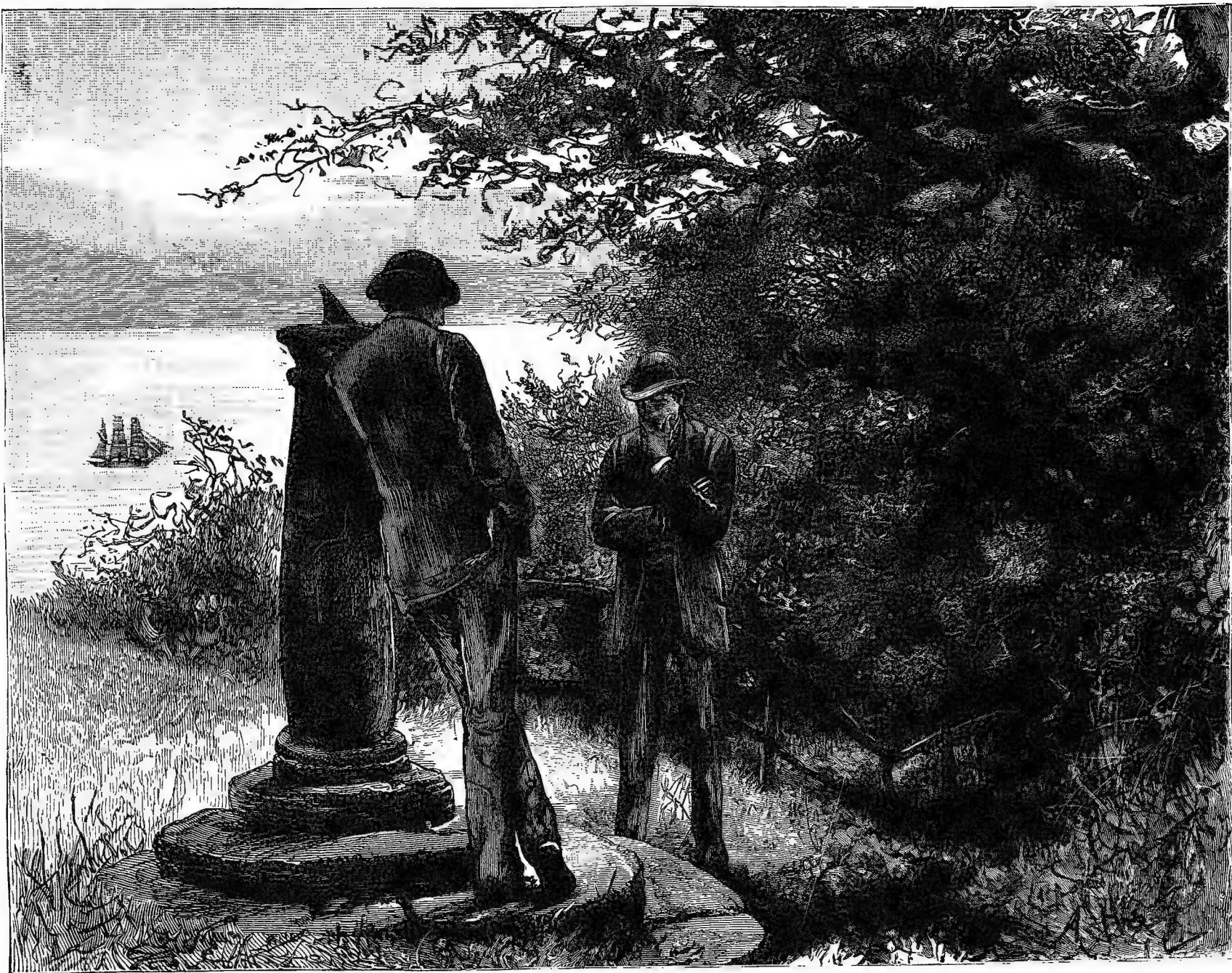
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"Do you know what he is doing now while we are walking under the trees?"

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &C.

CHAPTER XLIX. IN THE WITNESS BOX

A PECULIARITY of the law of England, which no doubt adds to its terrors to persons of imagination, is the quietness with which it goes about its work. Until the judge in his wig and gown is actually beheld upon the bench there is nothing ostentatious about it. Its eye may be upon the individual, for example, whose evidence is necessary to its operations, but it is as invisible as that of Providence itself. To all appearance—and indeed in fact—on that long-looked-for morning which was to decide the fate of his friend, Mark Medway was a free man; it lay with himself to go to "the Justice Hall at the Old Bailey" to bear witness in the case, or not to go. The Prosecution, beyond serving him with the subpoena, had not communicated with him. The Defence had not communicated with him. He had received no word of menace from the one, or advice from the other. It is possible that both sides had their own reasons for leaving him so entirely to himself, but the effect upon his mind was deleterious; it was not unhinged, but it shifted this way and that, like a ship without a rudder, with every eddy of thought. He was even in doubt at this last moment as to whether he should appear in Court or not. The idea of the fine did not weigh one feather with him; nor would it have done so had it been ten times the amount. But might not Kit's appeal, so vague and yet so instant, point to absence as the course he wished him to adopt? Yet if that had been so why had he not written so outright? There might have been danger in so saying of course; but the fact that he had written "Burn this at once" upon the slip of paper, showed that danger had been already incurred. Upon the whole Mark resolved to attend.

In utter ignorance of the usual course of proceeding, he had arranged to go with Dr. Meade (who had procured an order of admission for two to the body of the Court), as though he had been a mere spectator. Neither Mrs. Medway nor Maud had the courage to put in an appearance, but held themselves in readiness to drive to Ludgate Hill immediately on the conclusion of the trial. They understood, of course, that Trenna's veto only held good while matters were *in dubio*. If things went well she would have their heartfelt congratulations; they would welcome Kit as one snatched from the burning, but without a doubt of the verdict that should proclaim his innocence; if things went ill—a contingency that made them sick to think of—there were loving hearts and helpful hands and a home for her at the Knoll through the dark years to come, or, if need be, for life.

A crowded Court, the shuffling of feet, the opening of doors, a

buzz of many tongues, the entrance of the Judge—and silence. All these things fell on Mark's ear and eye unheeded; he saw and heard them, but they were like the actions of a dream. The charge to the Grand Jury was to him the merest tissue of words, for Christopher Garston's name had no place in it; there were persons more important to be spoken of—murderers. Kit was alluded to, though Mark knew it not, under "certain cases of felony of the usual kind," which would "also demand their attention." Mark's gaze was riveted on the dock, in which every moment he expected—with unspeakable horror—to see his friend appear. Presently, among the cases in which the Grand Jury were announced to have found "true bills" was that of Christopher Garston. Mark started and trembled as the name was pronounced. "That is nothing," whispered the Doctor, comfortingly; "no one could have expected otherwise. It is the other jury—yonder—with whom his fate lies."

Mark cast one glance in the direction indicated; the men in the box, except that there were twelve of them, were no more to him than so many ninepins; the mere mechanism of Fate had no attraction for him; his mind was keeping room for a single image; his eyes, with the constancy of the needle to the pole, reverted once more to the dock.

A pickpocket, suave and genteel (until conviction, when he broke out); a burglar, scowling and truculent; a woman, shrill and confident, accused of the manufacture of base coin; and then Kit himself. The contrast between his appearance and that of his predecessors drew every eye on him; handsome as ever, though a trifle pale, with the same bright look on his face as Mark had seen there a thousand times. Quiet, but alert, he looked, if not an innocent man, very unlike one's ideas of a guilty one. His gaze flashed round the Court like a sunbeam, till it rested on Mark, who mechanically stretched out his hands.

"Be calm—don't speak," whispered the Doctor, warningly. "It may do him harm."

The next moment was heard the strident official voice calling upon the prisoner to plead "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," in the name of our Sovereign Lady the Queen. The words had the same strange effect on Mark as the jargon of the subpoena had had. They sounded weird to him, as well as menacing, like the rattling of unseen chains. But on Kit himself they had no such impression; they even seemed to arouse in him the same feeling of ridicule which they would, without doubt, have evoked under ordinary circumstances. But his face became grave and earnest enough ere they had died away, and in a quiet, musical voice, which was, nevertheless, heard all over the Court, he entered his plea of "Not Guilty."

To Mark he had given but one look, and it was not repeated; nor did it need to be. Never was glance of mortal more significant of confidence and affection—nay, it had a certain tender assurance in it, as though, aware of the anguish of his soul, it would have bidden him be of good comfort. The prisoner's face was now turned on the counsel for the prosecution, to whose address he seemed to listen with rapt attention, interrupted occasionally by a fleeting smile. Mark heard it likewise, of course, but the tumult of his feelings prevented him from pursuing it in proper sequence, far more from comprehending the gist of it. His eyes were fixed on Kit; his mind wandered to Trenarvon Castle and the river; then back to his school time, when Kit and he were boys together—Kit, his own familiar friend, between whom and the man the counsel was painting so blackly there was the same sort of connection that things have in a nightmare, no more.

Presently the witnesses began to be called. First came comparatively unimportant ones, and then Mr. Flesker, the jeweller, an earnest, excitable gentleman, who had certainly lost something very valuable, whoever had taken it. Mark saw the man reflected, as it were, in Kit's face, and felt that he was speaking the truth. His facts were correct enough; where he failed was in his deduction. The idea of Kit, Mark's Kit, the man who he had known from childhood, who had preserved his life and his honour, the sunshine of the Knoll, the— Suddenly his dream was broken in upon by a shouting of his own name. Every tongue in the Court (so it seemed) was calling to him, the Doctor's kind, earnest voice among them at his elbow.

"My dear lad, they are calling you. You must go up into the witness-box."

"Great Heavens! What shall I say?"

Not that Mark had any intention, nor would even have been persuaded, to say anything save the truth, but that he felt bewildered. He went up into the box with no less shame and pain than if it had been the pillory, only in his case the spectators were of no account. There was but one man in all that concourse on whom his thoughts were fixed, and on him he gazed with piteous deprecation.

"Be so kind as to give me your attention, Mr. Medway," said the counsel, in dulcet tones. Mark was his own witness, to be treated tenderly, and encouraged. When this learned gentleman was not engaged in brow-beating he devoted his attention to lubrication, and in both accomplishments was highly distinguished.

"You know the prisoner at the bar, I believe?"

"Yes, indeed."

"For long?"

CHAPTER 11

DARK DAYS

"For years—indeed, for almost his life."
 "You are old friends, in short?"
 "Oh, yes. We have never been otherwise."
 "Just so; I do not for a moment impute any interested motive; but the prisoner is under considerable obligations to you—social obligations—is he not?"
 "None that I know of; none, I hope, that he feels."
 "Well, well; so be it" (smiling); "at all events, the obligation was not the other way."
 "You are mistaken; I am under the greatest obligations to him—obligations I can never forget."
 "Indeed! Would you mind mentioning one of them?"
 "He saved my life."

Here Mark looked toward the dock, and Kit's eye met his own. Their places seemed to have become transposed—it was the prisoner who gave hope and comfort to the witness; nay, his smile, tender as a woman's, seemed to apologise for his having been the unwilling cause of the other's painful position.

"It will soon be over, my dear Mark," it seemed to say, "but in the mean time how I grieve for your distress of mind."

"And, besides saving your life," continued the counsel, blandly, "what other obligations did the prisoner confer upon you?"
 Mark turned crimson. "Many others," he answered.
 "Just so." Under that "just so" lay an armoury of insults, had it been his cue to use them; but for his present purpose things were going like oil. "Just so; there were other obligations which it is unnecessary to particularise. None of them had the least connection with the matter on hand?"

Mark shook his head.
 "You were fast friends, then, and had no secrets from one another?"

"I have no secrets from Christopher Garston—none," replied Mark gravely, with a look at his friend that seemed to say, "Would you could see my heart."

"I must once more request—nay, insist—Mr. Medway, upon your giving your undivided attention to me," observed the counsel for the prosecution. Up to this time he had been willing enough that Mark's attachment for the prisoner should be made manifest to the jury; but it now became of great importance that no communication—even so much as could be conveyed by a glance of the eye—should pass between the dock and the witness-box.

"Being so confidential with one another, the prisoner no doubt informed you of his relations with the Cook's Creek Company?"

"He spoke of them generally—not in detail."
 "Well, come. What did he say of them?"
 "On the whole, he expressed himself hopefully about the prospects of the mine."

"And as to his own prospects?"
 "They, of course, depended on the success of the mine."
 "No doubt; but what did he say of his own position as the salaried manager? He boasted, I believe, of having the confidence of the Directors? Was it not so?"

"He did not boast of it. He stated what was the fact—that his exertions on their behalf had been appreciated."

"He also, I understand, spoke of a certain acknowledgment which they had made him?"

"He did."
 "Now, Mr. Medway, be so good as to turn towards the jury while I ask you this question: Of what did that acknowledgement consist?"

"It was a diamond ring."
 "Are you quite certain it was not a scarf pin?"

"I am positively certain."
 There was a pause.
 "Would you be able to recognise the diamond ring?"

"I think so."
 "And the diamond?"
 "If I recognised the ring it would be by the diamond."

"Can you describe it?"
 "Not scientifically; but it was what I believe is called a rose, a hemisphere covered with small facets."

"Is this the diamond?" (one was here produced and handed to the witness) "which was shown to you by the prisoner as having been presented to him by the Board of Directors?"

It was a crucial moment, and almost every one in Court was aware of it, except Mark Medway himself. He had the utmost confidence in his friend's innocence, and could not understand how speaking the truth could harm him; it never entered into his mind that Kit could have told him a lie; far less that out of his natural vanity and boastfulness he had invented the whole story of the Directors' gratitude to him, and their acknowledgement of his services; indeed, it was not till long, very long afterwards, that certain circumstances came to his recollection which suggested this; in particular, how reticent after that first mention of it, Kit had become about the ring, and how he had disliked its being made a topic of conversation. Moreover, the gem being out of its setting did not connect itself to Mark's mind with a scarf pin at all; it was only associated with a ring. Again, thanks to the emotions that contended within him, and blunted his sense of what was going on around him, he had not followed, as the more dispassionate jury had done, the course of the case, as stated by the prosecution. It was as strong as a cable, save in one place, where it was packthread. The actual possession of the stolen property had never been brought home to the prisoner; and this was the very point to which the counsel for the prosecution was now leading the unconscious Mark. There were two ways, it was afterwards said, by which it was possible, if he had been alive to the situation, that Mark Medway might have saved his friend. One by perjury, and the other by evasion. He might have sworn point blank that the diamond was not the diamond that Christopher Garston had shown him at "The Crown" in Mogadion; or he might have declared himself, as a person unacquainted with such matters, quite unable to identify the stone. It was to this latter course that Kit's written appeal without doubt had pointed; for as to the former he must have known that he could never have induced Mark to do even for him what he would certainly not have hesitated to do for Mark had their places been reversed; but probably he did think that Mark would have stretched a point, and confessed his inability to offer any opinion upon the matter. What Mark would have replied had he understood the importance of the question and Kit's danger, it is difficult to say. What Mark did reply on having the jewel placed in his hands was this: "To the best of my knowledge and belief this is the diamond that was shown me at the inn in Mogadion."

"And that diamond, gentlemen of the jury," observed the counsel for the prosecution in clear, sonorous, and slightly triumphant tones, "is, as I shall prove to you, the very diamond stolen from Mr. Flesker's shop."

Mark glanced with horror and affright at the dock; Kit did not return his look, but, with his hands clenching the rail beneath, was gazing straight before him, with a face that might have been marble, save for the eyes, which were the homes of shattered hopes and mute despair. If his pale lips had cried, "No more of this; I am guilty!" he could not have more convinced those who beheld him of his guilt and of his doom.

At that moment, however, public attention was diverted from him by "an incident"—there were outcries for "water" and "a doctor." Mark Medway had fallen down in the witness-box, and was carried out in a dead faint.

DAYS and even weeks elapsed before Mark Medway recovered consciousness after that mental shock. He lay at his London hotel, at first in a high fever, during which he raved perpetually of Kit, and afterwards in a state of utter prostration. The first word he spoke on coming to himself was the name of his unhappy friend.

"Kit—what happened—the verdict?"
 They were obliged to tell him, for evasion only aggravated his anxiety. The word "Guilty" excited him alarmingly.
 "Not guilty," he exclaimed, in an agitated whisper. "No, no; Kit was never guilty."

He had been convicted, however, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

"Ten years," muttered Mark, with the dew on his brow. "A living tomb; and it was I who sent him there."

It was in vain to reason with him; in indeed to point out the plain fact that no telling of the truth could have consigned an innocent man to prison, would have been dangerous to the patient's very life. It was better to leave him to self-reproach than to excite his indignation.

His next inquiry was for Trenna; and here, again, they had bad news for him. Notwithstanding her son's illness, Mrs. Medway had left his bedside and driven to Ludgate Hill within a few minutes of the issue of the trial being known, but Trenna had already left her lodgings, and was gone no one knew whither. They would have obtained the information from Kit's own lips, but the convict denied himself to all. He was resolved to meet no familiar face. An application to his solicitor, indeed, gave them the assurance that Trenna was in health, and in no want of funds; but it was plain that she had taken the same resolve as her brother, and Mrs. Medway and Maud could do no more than address the most loving of letters, with a renewed offer of every material aid.

The two persons who had made so large a portion of their home-life had cut themselves off from it—one of necessity, the other by her own act—and the Knoll was to know them no more.

To Mrs. Medway herself this was a serious blow; and to Maud a most distressing one; but to Mark it was well nigh destruction. His affections, diffused among very few persons, had been mainly concentrated upon Kit, and they were not only crushed, but, as it were, mutilated. To have lost his friend by death would have been a wound which time would have healed. What had happened to him was infinitely worse than death, and it had occurred—nothing could get this out of his mind—through Mark's own act. "Remember, I have saved you from a living tomb," were words that never ceased to ring in his ears; yet, when the moment arrived to remember them, he had not done so. The question, "How could he have acted otherwise?" was put to him again and again. Of course he had no answer to it; but he was beyond the reach of logic. To his morbid mind, it was his own voice which had pronounced Kit's sentence.

After some time, the whole party, including the Doctor and his son, returned home. Frank had pleaded with his father to remain in town with the Medways; and, indeed, Maud's society seemed to have a beneficial effect upon his health as his native air could have had. The Doctor's professional eye soon perceived this, and it enabled him to guess the cause, of which he had hitherto had no suspicion. The talk of the young people, indeed, was not of love; the circumstances—Mark so weak and shattered, and his nearest friend in gaol—were too distressing for that. But Frank lived in its atmosphere, and drew life and vigour from every breath of it. His Herculean strength was gone, never to return, but he was convalescent, and would in time, it was confidently predicted, be able to pursue his profession at Mogadion, though not among the murk and smoke of London. His dream of ambition was over; but as bright a reality—or so he flattered himself—remained for him.

There are few things more satisfactory to the human mind than the sense of recovery from physical illness, and since in addition it was that period of the year when the whole earth seems growing convalescent in sympathy with us, and when a young man's fancy is said most naturally "to turn to thoughts of love," it is no wonder that Frank Medway was in a frame of mind to be envied. He deeply regretted, and was still more deeply shocked at, what had happened to Kit; but there was a reason which forbade him to pity him as others did, far less to entertain, as was the case with Mark, an unaltered opinion of his merits. It was now abundantly clear to him that the crime for which Christopher Garston was paying so terrible a penalty was not his first; and what Frank could not forgive him was that of that first crime he had permitted his sister to bear the burthen. That Trenna should have stolen those bank notes from her father had always been an inexplicable mystery to Frank; but he had believed her own statement that she had done so. He was now certain, and had told her so, as we know, by his father's mouth, that she was innocent of that offence, and he was filled with anger against the man who had caused him to impute it to her.

It was Frank alone who thoroughly understood why Trenna had refused all offers of assistance from her old friends, and declined to come near them. Her devotion to her brother was as great as ever; indeed, since it had existed when she was conscious of his former criminality, there was no reason why it should have suffered change, and he could easily believe that to dwell among those who had loved him, and who now, with one exception, must needs be convinced of his guilt, was an impossibility for her. Thus it happened that while Frank's kind heart bled for Trenna, it did not so keenly concern itself for Kit. He was a man too, who, though he had great command over himself, was ill-fitted to simulate feelings which he did not entertain; and not to praise, far more not to pity Kit, was in Mark's eyes an offence of the gravest kind. The friendship of the two young men was not indeed sundered on account of this, for it takes two to make a quarrel, but it became one-sided, and more and more difficult to sustain—it flew, as it were, on one wing. Frank, who had little to do for the present but to get well, was now a constant visitor at the Knoll, and instead of passing his time where it would naturally have been most pleasant to pass it, in Maud's company, he devoted himself to the task of raising her brother from his settled melancholy; but with what small success under such circumstances it may be guessed. At last the thin ice broke under them both.

In the months of spring the charming little place looked at its best, and one day, as the two young men were walking together in the garden, Frank made some remark upon its excessive beauty.

"You enjoy it, do you?" was Mark's abrupt, almost savage reply; "I hate it." Then suddenly he began to repeat in a pathetic voice the exquisite lines—

I wake, I rise, from end to end
 Of all the landscape underneath
 I find no place that does not breathe
 Some gracious memory of my friend.

"There are the trees and the flowers as of old, but they have no longer any charms for me; there is the river and the wilderness but their glory is gone. 'Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,' I keep saying to myself, 'And the sound of a voice that is still.'"

"You miss him, of course, dear Mark; but is it reasonable to permit his loss to embitter your whole life?"

"His loss?" was the grave reply. "Do you think, then, I am indulging a mere selfish melancholy? Would that I had lost him. Do you know what he is doing now while we are walking in the sunshine, through the grass and under the trees? He is in the

prison yard taking his exercise between two felons, always at the same distance from him, and watched by warders. He is in prison garb; his home is a cell, bare of all comfort; he is put to menial tasks. He will never smile again. He speaks to me, sometimes, but not in the voice I know."

"Speaks to you, my dear fellow? How can Kit speak to you?"
 "He does," answered Mark, in a hoarse whisper. "His spirit speaks, and always to reproach me."

"Then it is a lying spirit!" observed Frank, boldly. He was indignant at the hold which this unworthy object of Mark's friendship had obtained over his mind, and apprehensive of the consequences of it. "What have you to reproach yourself with? You only did your duty."

"My duty!" echoed the other, bitterly. "You might say as much of the jury that condemned him."

Then Frank made a mistake. His father had particularly enjoined that the topic of Christopher Garston was to be avoided in Mark's presence, and above all that no argument should be entered into with him upon the subject of the trial; and now there ensued an argument. Frank defended the jury and their verdict. Mark was furious.

"You will say next," he exclaimed, "that Kit was guilty."
 To this Frank made no reply. His silence was fatal, and dissolved the friendship of a lifetime.

The young man still continued his visits to the family, but from henceforth, so far as Mark was concerned, they were paid on sufferance.

By this time Frank and Maud were pledged to one another, and, of course, with Mrs. Medway's consent; but it was very awkward, under such circumstances, to communicate the fact to Mark. As it was to be a twelvemonth's engagement, however, there was no need for precipitation. This was fortunate, for on one occasion, when Mark and his mother chanced to be talking of Maud, he gave her to understand that, in his opinion, his sister ought to consider herself as a sort of bride of Heaven, Kit himself being the representative of that celestial region. "After what has happened," he said, "it is impossible, I admit, that she can ever become Kit's wife, but she will hardly forget that but for this calamity she would have been so."

"Indeed, indeed, you are mistaken, Mark," urged Mrs. Medway. "You surely remember that she rejected him?"

Mark allowed that there had been a postponement of some kind, but insisted on his own view, that "the remorseless iron hour" which had "made cypress of her orange-flower" was that in which Kit's unjust sentence had been pronounced. "I cannot understand," he said, "a girl of delicate feeling even thinking, under such circumstances, of marrying another man."

"Mark must be mad," thought poor Mrs. Medway; but, as Dr. Meade pointed out to her, it was not madness to be dominated by one idea. "Mark will be right enough," he said, "if only the actual state of the case and the true character of Mr. Christopher Garston can be brought home to him."

The Doctor was very bitter against Kit, for he greatly desired his son's union with Maud, to which these morbid feelings of her brother were the only hindrance.

"He never will be persuaded of Christopher Garston's guilt," sobbed Mrs. Medway, "nor be brought to listen to reason;—she might have added, 'nor to unreason either,' for the poor parrot had to be kept in the attic lest he should express sentiments adverse to his former master."

"Never is a long day," answered the Doctor drily; but in the mean time it was evidently quite useless to attempt to obtain Mark's consent to the young people's marriage.

He kept himself informed of every detail regarding his imprisoned friend; and presently news came that Kit had broken down in health, and had been removed in the early summer from Millbank to Dartmoor, under medical direction, nine months before the usual time.

This made Mark more restless than ever—not only from anxiety on account of Kit, but from the consciousness of his own comparative nearness to his unfortunate friend. He would gaze in the direction of the prison—but forty miles or so away—and murmur to himself, "Buried alive! Buried alive!" till his poor mother thought him crazed. Instead of devoting himself to his books, as of old, he took long solitary walks, which were the source of great distress of mind to her until he returned from them, weary and haggard enough, but in safety.

It was characteristic of Frank Meade that, though he without doubt had it in his power to shatter Mark's belief in his friend by a revelation of the facts of the bank-note robbery, he kept them to himself, because he had passed his word to Trenna so to do.

It was understood that she had migrated from London to some village in Dartmoor, in the neighbourhood of the prison—a piece of information obtained from the gaol chaplain, who happened to be a college friend of Mr. Penryn. At that gentleman's request he wrote of Kit with great particularity. He described his conduct as excellent; he had obtained as many good "marks" as possible during his term of servitude, and would undoubtedly leave the prison considerably before the expiration of his sentence—if he should live to do so. But he was suffering from a kind of atrophy. His food, such as it was, did not nourish him, and he had been placed in the infirmary. The chaplain had expressed to him Mark's intense desire for an interview, which could have been accomplished had the prisoner wished for it, but Kit, as before, had steadily refused to see him.

"It is no wonder," sighed the unhappy Mark; "it is I who have imprisoned him, and, when he dies, his death will be at my door."

But the chaplain's view was that it was no animosity against his old friend which actuated Kit, but a certain stubborn pride. This was also the opinion entertained by Frank and Maud.

Poor Kit, in his halcyon days, had nicknamed Mark the Dreamer, Frank the Worker, and himself (as one who meant to take life lightly and in the humorous vein), the Player. He had even sketched out their various parts in the Drama of the Future; but the reality, alas! especially in his own case, had fallen sadly short of his ideal. His natural vanity (which had been as much the cause of his ruin as his graver faults) had led him to anticipate great things for himself, to be achieved in an easy way. And to what an impotent and shameful conclusion had it all come! When we consider, too, that he probably believed (whatever Trenna might do) that the family at the Knoll had been by this time put in possession of the story of his abstraction of his father's notes, including his laying the blame (however temporarily) upon Abel Deedes, it is not surprising that Kit preferred to wear his chain unseen, and let the iron eat into his soul without his old friends' condolences or forgiveness. That he suspected Frank of having exposed him was pretty certain from what the chaplain wrote of Kit's feelings towards the young doctor; though, on the other hand, it might have arisen from jealousy, since he had spoken of Frank's engagement with Maud—of which he had by some means obtained information—with exceeding bitterness.

This last part of the chaplain's communication was carefully withheld from Mark; nor, indeed, could the whole letter have been read to him in any case, since the guilt of the prisoner was throughout it taken for granted.

Thus at the Knoll, where peace and unanimity were wont to reign, matters were now far from being in a satisfactory state; and presently an incident took place so amazing and unlooked-for as baffled calculation, and which caused even those who had taken the most sanguine view of affairs to despond, if not despair.

(To be concluded in our next)

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE

I NEVER knew a more industrious literary man, or one of greater method, than the late Mr. Anthony Trollope. He sat down to his novel-writing as a man of business would sit down to his desk and ledgers; and he told me that he always made a point of resolutely determining to cover so many sheets of foolscap within a given time; and that he had, so trained himself to his task, that he could accomplish it within the prescribed limits. He told me that he never wrote at night, but always in the morning, rising early for that purpose, and having performed the best portion of his daily task by breakfast-time. He could then, with a clear conscience, take his pleasure at huping or other recreations.

I met him at a country-house, where he had come on a visit, bringing his hunters with him; and being then on his way to Casewick, to stay with his cousin Sir John Trollope, who, soon after, was created the first Lord Kesteven. When I left the house after dinner it was nearly eleven o'clock, and Mr. Trollope was then playing whist. After that there was smoking, and it was the small hours when he got to bed. I had promised to rejoin them at breakfast at half-past nine; and I found Mr. Trollope already downstairs and busied with that morning's postal delivery. He was in hunting costume, and I complimented him on his freshness and industry, after his late hours of the preceding night, when he cheerily replied that he had never felt better in his life, and that he had got up at five o'clock. "Since then," he said, "I have earned twenty pounds by my pen; besides writing several needful letters." He had many other letters to attend to, which had just come by post, in addition to a bundle of proofs for the next number of the *St. Paul's Magazine*, of which he was the first editor. One of the proofs was an article on the Irish Church, and Mr. Trollope wished to curtail its dimensions considerably, in which difficult and delicate work he begged for my assistance, which, of course was granted; and while I was engrossed with the Irish Church, he looked over other proofs and wrote several letters. I was much struck with the rapidity he showed in getting through this business, and also in keeping up a running conversation with those present, at the same time that he was reading proofs and writing letters. Then, after a hearty breakfast—which he had well earned—he rode off to the meet, and was out hunting for the whole day. But, at night, I met him at dinner at another country-house, some miles distant; and he was as fresh as ever, full of conversation, and an admirable guest. Then came whist, and the drive back to his friend's house, and more late hours; to be followed by the early rising and patient toil and methodical work.

I have heard it said of him, that he was "good for sixteen hours" in a day; and, no doubt, he was, and could stick to work with the greatest pertinacity; but, on the various occasions on which I had the pleasure to meet him, the greater portion of the day was given to recreation—in the pursuit of which, however, he gathered materials for his writings, and his desk work appeared to be pretty well over by ten o'clock in the morning. He told me that it was in those brief hours after a night's rest—or, what I called, "only a few hours sleep"—that his brain most readily answered the demand that he placed upon it. I reminded him of Sir Walter Scott's plan of letting his projected work "simmer" in his mind, while he was getting up and dressing; but Mr. Trollope told me that he rarely troubled to do this, until he had actually sat down, pen in hand, and paper before him, when he could at once resume his task, or novel, at the point where he had left off on the previous morning; and that so surely would his pen traverse the paper, that by breakfast-time so many thousands of words that he had "told himself" (his favourite expression) would cover the white sheets, would all be written, and in such a way that they would need little or no correction.

One evening I met him at a large dinner party especially given in his honour by the great man in that part of the country. More than twenty sat down to dinner, and I found myself side by side with Mr. Trollope, without a lady to separate us. Perhaps the lady who sat by him on the other side was thinking of his gifted mother, and her wonderful industry in novel writing, for she said, "Do you believe, Mr. Trollope, in inherited genius?" Before turning to answer her question, he whispered to me, "I believe much more in cobbler's wax." On another occasion also I heard him speak of what I may call his cobbler's wax theory, and what he meant by that expression is very clearly conveyed in what he has written concerning Thackeray. Speaking of that great writer's desire in 1848 to obtain the post of Assistant Secretary at the General Post Office, and how utterly unfitted he would have been for the office, especially if he had sought to add to it his literary duties, Mr. Trollope—evidently speaking from his own personal experience—says:—"He might have done so could he have risen at five, and have sat at his private desk for three hours before he began his official routine at the public one. A capability for grinding, an aptitude for continuous task work, a disposition to sit in one's chair as though fixed to it by cobbler's wax, will enable a man in the prime of life to go through the tedium of a second day's work every day; but of all men Thackeray was the last to bear the wearisome perseverance of such a life" ("English Men of Letters," p. 36). In that sentence Mr. Trollope has faithfully painted his own portrait as a literary worker.

Though that work was very varied—novels, short tales, essays, travels, biography, classics, or what not—he seemed to be thoroughly happy in it, so long as it was of his own choosing, and was original. But the editorial harness-work of the *St. Paul's Magazine* did not seem at all to his mind, and he spoke to me of the many ways in which he was bothered and harassed by it. He was so thoroughly kindly and genial that it was heartbreaking work to him to return a manuscript to its author, especially when the writer was of the fairer sex, with the stereotyped "declined with thanks." Of some of his editorial troubles, worries, and experiences he has left a record in some short stories called "An Editor's Tales," published in *St. Paul's Magazine*. He ceased to be an editor in 1870, with the fifth volume, though he contributed to its pages till it was withdrawn from publication. He was talking to me one day on this subject, and showing me some manuscripts which, for various reasons, were unsuitable for his magazine, when he said to me, "I suppose that you have not much difficulty in getting your articles accepted, and do not know what it is to have them rejected?" I replied, "Indeed I do! Very often my manuscripts come back to me, like chickens to roost. But my plan is to send them on by the same post to some other editor; then, if he returns them, to send them to Editor No. 3, and so on, and I usually find that my manuscripts obtain admittance somewhere, and are duly printed and paid for. What may suit one editor may not suit another, or may not suit him at that time. The rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply that it is not worth printing." Said Mr. Trollope, with much feeling, "I do hope these manuscripts that I am returning will get printed and paid for—somewhere. I know what it is to feel that sickening at heart when the manuscript on which you have bestowed so much pains and thought is returned to you as unsuitable."

I expressed my surprise at hearing him say so. He was then at the height of his fame; and I should have fancied that he would have been about the last man to have known what it was to have his magazine articles "declined with thanks." For, although he began young as a writer, he had not only his own talent, but the great prestige of his mother to secure for his papers a favourable reception. But he assured me that in the early years of his literary career he too frequently knew what it was to have his manuscripts rejected by editors, and his theatrical pieces by

managers—in fact, he never scored a single success with the stage. He said he had also known what it was to have his articles accepted, and then, for some reason, not to be paid for; and he told me that his first year's hard work at authorship only brought him in twelve pounds, and his second year twenty pounds. In fact, it was not until he was forty years of age that his pluck and perseverance met with their due reward, and his talent was conspicuously revealed to the world in his novel, "The Warden." This was published in 1855; and from that day Mr. Anthony Trollope was a man of mark, and his first success was rapidly followed by that long and brilliant series of stories of modern life which made him one of the most popular novelists of the day. That he was one of the most industrious and methodical it is the purport of these few recollections to show. He was "a glutton for work," and appeared thoroughly to enjoy it. He also enjoyed a joke. I had purchased (in Birmingham) an excellent photographic portrait of him, which the shopkeeper had accidentally labelled "Mr. M. F. Tupper;" and, when I showed it to him, Mr. Trollope laughed heartily at being exhibited in the window as the author of "Proverbial Philosophy."

CUTHBERT BEDE



IN "Macaulay—English Men of Letters" (Macmillan) Mr. Cotter Morison had a somewhat ungracious task, for most of his readers will be thinking of Mr. Otto Trevelyan's "Life;" and, besides, it is hard to steer clear of party in criticising one who was above all things a party man. We think Mr. Morison has fairly succeeded. He carefully distinguishes the man from the writer. Macaulay as a man was overflowing with kindness and good nature—very fond of children (though his fondness did not extend to dogs—"those animals that stop conversation"); magnanimous (as he showed when in Calcutta he stoutly maintained the freedom of the very press that was abusing him with inconceivable virulence); moved almost always by that strong sense of right which he showed so markedly in his speech on Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill. Of course he was a partisan, and a bitter one—witness his attack on Sir R. Peel: "there you sit doing penance for the disingenuousness of years" is as scathing as anything in Disraeli's philippics. But in act he never was what he constantly, and we fear we must say deliberately, was in writing, reckless to the verge of unscrupulousness. He wrote down to his public; as he said to Macvey Napier, "It is not by his own taste, but by the taste of the fish, that the angler is determined in his choice of bait." In the age of the early *Quarterlies* and *Edinburgs*, when reviewing was a very different thing from what it now is, he was the typical literary swordsman who cared for nothing save that somehow a possibly dangerous adversary had to be beaten down; and this reckless unfairness, which Mr. Spedding found it so easy to expose in the case of Bacon, he could not shake off even when he had donned the historian's robe. "He had," as Mr. Morison puts it, "no moral earnestness; he was flippant in thought even when decorous in language," and in language his love of antithesis made him often far from decorous. Mr. Morison claims that he almost originated the historical essay; if we mistake not, he was anticipated by the French of Thierry's school, to whom, too, his style is indebted in a degree which few readers suspect. We do not quite follow Mr. Morison in his critique on the Lays; despite the mechanical rhythm, he sets them in some respects above Scott, and then asks, not very pertinently, whether it was worthy occupation for a serious scholar to spend his time in producing fancy pictures. We like the Lays; and we think that their immense popularity with intelligent children is a proof of their worth. Will Macaulay's star ever rise to its old height? Mr. Morison thinks not, and we agree with him. But the growing evidence of his kindness of nature more than compensates for the loss of a popularity which grew too quickly to be lasting.

Nobody cares for Balochistan. It is mostly a hungry desert. One choice bit "resembles a string of sausages, the sausages being the cultivation, the tying representing where the hills close in between each opening." A strip, three-quarters of a mile long by a quarter broad, is an exceptionally long stretch of fertility. The whole interest (and it is considerable) of Major-General Sir C. M. Macgregor's "Wanderings in Balochistan" (W. H. Allen) is due to the writer's quiet soldierly style, which talks of perils as matters of course, and to the evidence which every chapter gives of tact in managing men, and such men, too. Sir C. M. Macgregor is a born explorer, one of those who get restless when they notice a blank space on the map; and the country he traversed was nearly blank space when he went over it. The real feeling shown in his account of his comrade's death, much enhances the value of the book.

Gorgeous Etruscan binding, *papier de luxe*, and Lord Windsor's beautiful plates, entitle "A Tour in Greece, 1880" (Blackwood) to a rank among Christmas books; and Mr. R. R. Farrer's letterpress is so full of fun and humour as to be well suited to the festive season. Of course we compare the book with the old Wordsworth which it somewhat resembles in form; and, as we read, we feel Mr. Farrer is right, and autonomy has not made Greece better known than when Wordsworth was at its first edition. Of the Greek Government Mr. Farrer has a very poor opinion; and female beauty he pronounces almost wholly wanting. The women in the country work like beasts of burden, and therefore are stunted, careworn, ugly. But Lord Windsor's views—we specially note Thebes, Nemea, the Mantinea plain—make one ready to brave much discomfort for a sight of the originals.

The *édition de luxe* of our old friends the "Sacred Allegories" (Rivingtons), in all the glory of gilt edges and ornamented cloth, and with a profusion of dainty illustrations by Skill, Quinton, Gordon Browne, Birket Foster, Bromley, W. Raines, &c., cannot be opened without a sadly strange feeling by those who read the "Shadow of the Cross" and the rest in the simple little edition published more than thirty years ago by Masters. One wonders what manner of book Serjeant Adams's son would have written had he belonged to a day when "Joshua Davidson" has well-nigh superseded "Agathos." Except "The King's Messengers," the stories have a morbid flavour which one cannot help attributing to the author's health. "The Old Man's Home," especially, will not do for this work-a-day world. Muscular Christianity was the protest against its way of looking at things. The life of Mr. Adams is well (and, therefore, pathetically) told; but we wish there had been some notice of his characteristic little manual for undergraduates.

Many of the illustrations of "The Child's Life of Christ" (Cassell) we like very much indeed. The book is too grand for daily use—the sort of book to be brought out solemnly, as Stackhouse's Bible used to be in our mothers' days, as a reward for special good behaviour. Old children will find a good many hints in the letter-press; the author has used Canon Farrar's and such like works to good purpose. Perhaps difficulties are tenderly belittled, as, for instance, in the clear, if not adequate explanation of the speech to Nicodemus; but for children this is a gain.

The thirteenth edition of "Fenn's Compendium of the English and Foreign Funds (Effingham Wilson) has been brought down to

the latest date by Mr. R. Lucas Nash. Containing an accurate account of the debts and revenues of all nations, and giving the statistics, liabilities, &c., it is invaluable to the political economist, as well as to the investor. As far as we can judge, the very comprehensive work included in the volume is thoroughly done, and a great deal of it, we are sure, cannot be found in any other book.

"A Wonderful Ghost Story," by Thomas Heaphy (Griffith and Farran), well bears republication; and as it appeared first in *All the Year Round* as long ago as 1861, it is probably fresh to most persons, though it called forth much comment when first published. This is, without doubt, one of the most extraordinary ghost stories in print, and it bears the authentication of the late Mr. Thomas Heaphy, the hero of the tale, and an artist of position and repute. The story is now reissued by Mrs. Heaphy, prefaced by some hitherto unpublished letters of the late Charles Dickens.—The tendency, on which Carlyle long ago commented, for every "interest" to have its "organ" has now probably reached its climax, and there is hardly any considerable section of persons unrepresented in the press.—Vol. II. of "Police and Fire: a Weekly Record of Police Administration, Fire Prevention and Extinction, Insurance and Ambulance Work," lies before us. The journal is doubtless useful, and it seems ably conducted.—The "Witch Stories" of Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, and "Animals and Their Masters" of Sir Arthur Helps, are excellent additions to the popular "Mayfair Library" of Messrs. Chatto and Windus.—The purpose of "A Key to all the Waverley Novels, in Chronological Sequence" (Griffith and Farran), is somewhat obscure. Mr. Henry Grey, the compiler, says that the book is "to serve as a memento of the principal scenes and characters" of the novels, and on that ground such a work seems scarcely necessary. The compilation, however, is done with care, and the plot of each novel is condensed in as few words as possible.—"The Royal Guide to the Charities of London for 1882-83," by Herbert Fry (David Bogue), a well-known work (this being the twentieth annual addition), and "The Charities Register and Digest," by C. S. Loch (Longmans, Green, and Co.), of which the first edition is just published, are before us. The older work can claim compactness and ease of reference, while the new one contains much ampler details. Both are useful works of reference.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of Vol. II. of "The Bibliographer" (Elliot Stock), a publication of weight and worth; "Picturesque Europe" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), this volume dealing with the British Isles, and containing fine engravings on steel and wood; the sixty-fifth edition of "Enquire Within upon Everything" (Houlston and Sons); and "Dumas' Art Annual for 1882" (Chatto and Windus). The last-named work is an attempt to create "an illustrated record of the exhibitions of the world." It contains some two hundred *fac-simile* reproductions of drawings from many of the chief pictures of the year in all the galleries of Europe, as well as critical notes by well-known critics on the various Art exhibitions. The scheme is a good but very ambitious one, and the present volume is woefully incomplete. It is announced, however, that the book was hurriedly prepared, and that next year's issue will be in two volumes.



MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—Three songs, by Messrs. Edward Oxenford and Arthur Whitely, are of a light and cheerful tone, of medium compass, and published in one key only: three very great recommendations. "Old Chums" is a pleasant chat over past times between two tried friends; although in C minor, and tinged with sadness, there is nothing dismal about it. "Very Wrong" is a tale of rustic courtship between a shepherdess and her swain. This simple song is exactly suitable for a Musical Reading, given as an encore; the compass is from E on the first line to the octave above. Prettiest and merriest of the group is "The Road to Market," a narrative song for a mezzo-soprano.—For after dinner, three pieces for the pianoforte, by Edward Hecht, are: "Moresque," "Hornpipe," and "Valse Caprice." They all require careful study, but are showy when well played.—Cotsford Dick has composed two pleasing and moderately difficult pieces which are worthy of being learnt by heart. "December and May" is the more original of the pair. "Chant du Matin" is a tuneful melody.—A spirited march for the pianoforte is "Victory," by Horton Allison. We should like to hear it on a good military band, for which it is well suited.—"The Lime Polka," by J. Batchelder, is showy and danceable.

FREDERICK CROFT.—Of a type which is very popular just now, and sure of an encore at a public concert, is "Our National Flag," written and composed by W. C. Johnson and F. Croft. The tune is catching, and there is an *ad libitum* chorus.—By the same composer are two songs, "Give Me Time" and "My Village Home," the words, by Wynne Britton, are better than the music, which is commonplace.—F. Croft has done much better with "The Donegal March" and "The Warrior's March," both of which are melodious, and the time is well marked.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—"Songs from Wonderland," words by Lewis Carroll, music by Philippa Pearson, in a neat little volume, will amuse the children less than they will their elders; the former will pronounce them "nonsense," the latter will appreciate the hidden satire.—A love song, of medium compass, is "Yet," the words, by G. S. Bellamy, are meaningless; the music, by J. F. Walenn, is fairly good.—By the above composer is a graceful piece for the pianoforte, "An Evening Song," which should be learnt by heart, and played in the gloaming.—"Gavotte in A" and "Tarantelle in F minor," by Edward Withers, are useful after-dinner pieces; the former is sprightly, the latter is brilliant.—Nos. 1 and 2 of "Classical Compositions for the Organ" by J. Wadehouse, contain good but not difficult transcriptions of "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" (Handel), and "My Heart Ever Faithful" (Bach), "I Waited for the Lord" (Mendelssohn), and "How Beautiful are the Feet" (Handel).

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Jo," a character song, written and composed by "Noretta," is a long and dreary, though dramatic setting of a sad theme, which will probably find some few admirers amongst persons who are fond of dismal subjects; but, as a rule, it will be pronounced tedious.—Far more healthy is the sentiment of "Twilight Melodies," a charming song for a mezzo-soprano, by the same composer (B. Williams).—"Maggie Gray" (The Soldier's Bride) is a tale of war with a happy ending; the words by J. S. Murphy, music by P. von Tugginer (Messrs. Marriott and Williams).—Lord Byron's beautiful poem, "Farewell," has been pleasingly set to music by Ina Dawes.—By the same composer is "Ye Fancye Fayre Polka," which, unlike most *pièces de circonstance*, has some musical merit in it (Messrs. Lyon and Hall, Brighton).—Pathetic words and music are combined in "Bygones," written and composed by G. C. Bingham (Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.).—We may also mention with commendation the "Tel-el-Kebir Galop," by J. Gibson (Alfred Hays, 4, Exchange Buildings, E.C.1, and 26, Old Bond Street).

NOTE.—In our issue of November 11 the composer of a song, "The Bells of San Blas," the last words of Longfellow was accidentally designated "Foot" in lieu of "Boott."

SIR C. RIVERS WILSON

ARABI PASHA

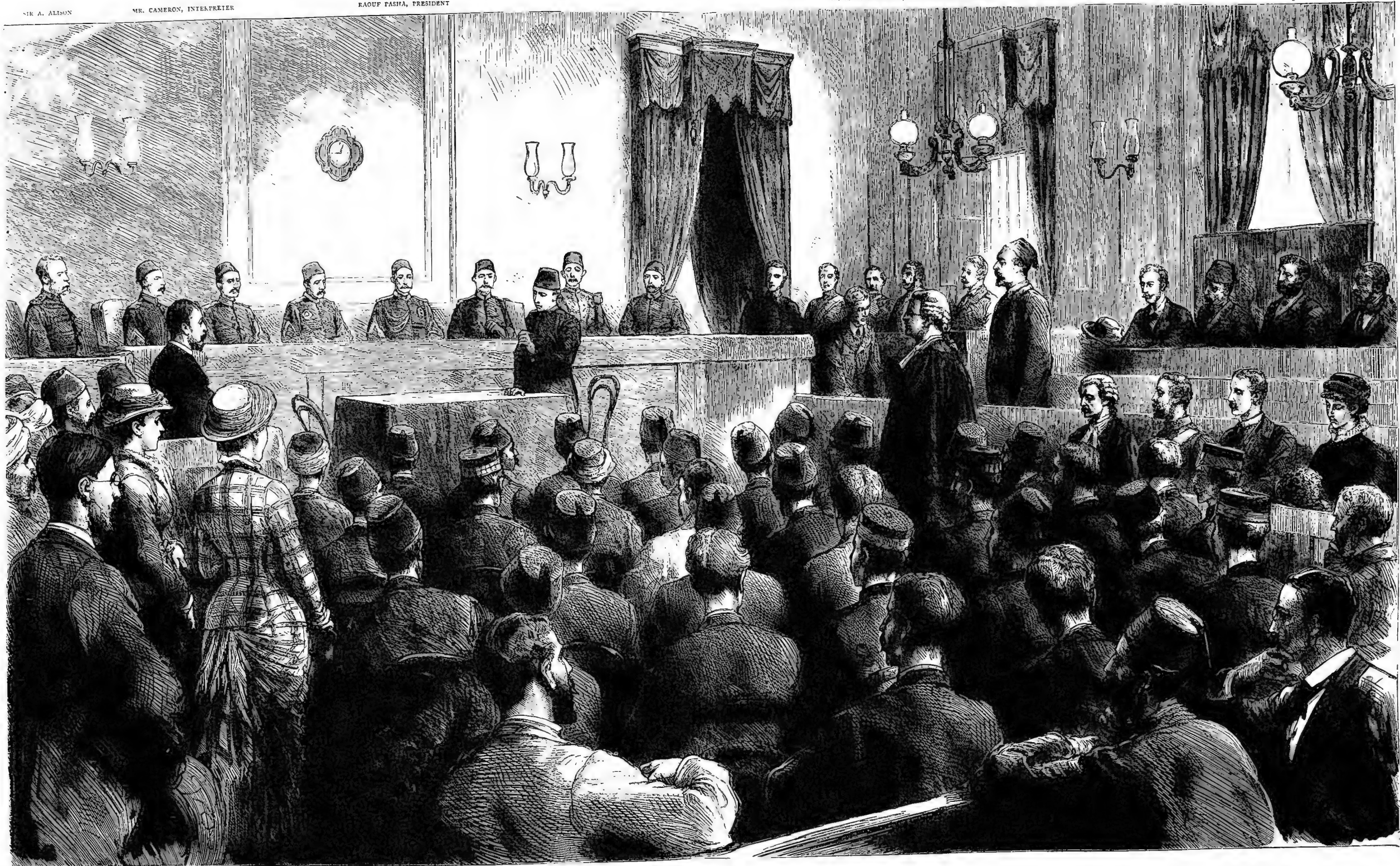
MR. A. M. BROADLEY, ARABI'S SENIOR COUNSEL

HON. MARK NAPIER, ARABI'S JUNIOR COUNSEL

SIR A. ALISON

MR. CAMERON, INTERPRETER

KAOUF PASHA, PRESIDENT



EGYPT AFTER THE WAR—THE TRIAL OF ARABI AT CAIRO: READING THE SENTENCE OF DEATH
FROM A SKETCH TAKEN IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

THE ELECTRIC TRICYCLE

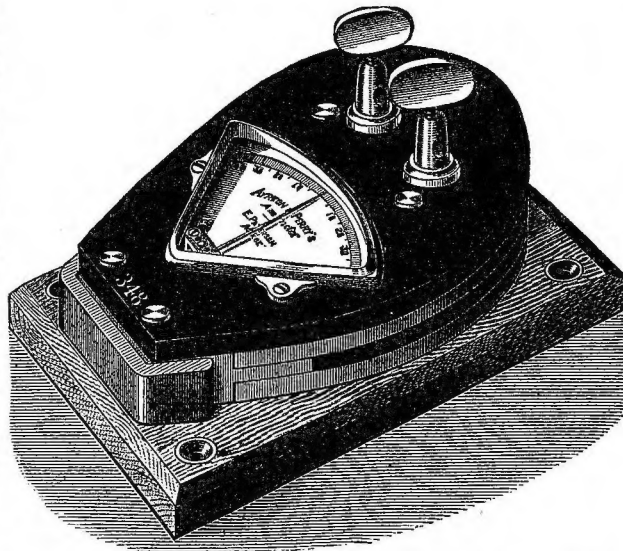
Two years ago the storage of electric energy in black boxes which were carried from Paris to Glasgow, and their power there taken out of them by Sir William Thomson, may have passed before the minds of the public as one of those mere seven-days' wonders which in these latter times have become so common. But to the scientific man, who could foresee the possibilities connected with the electrical storage of power, this experiment of Sir W. Thomson's was of pre-eminent importance. Without attempting even to name all the various uses to which the Faure-Sellon-Volckmar accumulators have been put during the past eighteen months, we may remind our readers of the glittering many-coloured stars that illuminated the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace this spring, and that every evening they may see for themselves, at the Grand Hotel, Charing Cross, how the electric energy, stored up in accumulators during the day, like gas in a gasometer, is practically used in lighting the large dining-room in the evening. Similarly, both the stage and auditorium of the Théâtre des Variétés, as well as the foyer of the Grand Opera at Paris, are lighted with stored-up electricity. Again, for the last year the Brighton Pullman express has been regularly lighted electrically from the black boxes carried in the guard's van, and which are charged up each night at Victoria Station. Ball-rooms have been lighted from a waggon load of the accumulators wheeled into the back garden at the commencement of the evening, and wheeled away next morning; and Professors Ayrton and Perry have taken a box of accumulators, having about the same weight as a small portmanteau, in cabs and railway carriages for lighting purposes. Lastly, the fairies in the new operetta *Iolanthe* flit about with little stars in their hair fed with electricity stored up in tiny boxes carried at their backs.

In the City may daily be seen working regularly large screw cutting lathes, printing presses, circular saws, and other machinery, from distant accumulators, whose stored-up energy comes through a thin wire to Professors Ayrton and Perry's little electro motors, which, although looking almost like mere flies stuck against the ceiling, are nevertheless able to convert a large amount of electric power into the more immediately useful form of, for example, the rapid turning of a twelve-foot iron cutting lathe. On the Thames, it is well known that for some weeks past the boat *Electricity* has been running, doing the trip from the Electric Storage Company's works at Millwall to London Bridge in half an hour, but it may not be so generally known that the black boxes which serve for ballast contain the store of electric energy which produces the propelling force.

But the latest development in the use of accumulators forms the subject of our illustration, the Electric Tricycle of Professors Ayrton and Perry, and which is the first tricycle that has ever been propelled and lighted with accumulators. No work is done by the rider; the little black boxes, s, carried on the base board, contain the stored electric energy pretty much in the same way as a horse's

average weight, and with sufficient accumulators to propel it for two hours, the measured mile can be run in $8\frac{1}{4}$ minutes, corresponding with a speed of nearly seven miles an hour. The actual horsepower which is being expended at any moment is seen from the readings on the Ammeter A and Voltmeter V.

Another peculiarity of the electric tricycle is that when going at the highest speed, although the consumption of the power is greater than when going slowly on the same road, the waste of electricity is



PROFESSORS AYRTON AND PERRY'S AMMETER FOR MEASURING THE ELECTRIC CURRENT USED IN DRIVING THE MOTOR, HALF-FULL SIZE.

much less, that is, the faster it goes the more efficient is the whole arrangement. On the other hand, when the electric supply tap is turned off, and the tricycle is at rest, the waste in the accumulators is very small, the tricycle stands for days ready for immediate use, and there is no waste analogous with that of an unused horse eating his head off.

But although an electric tricycle ceases using up its last meal of electricity directly it stops, and requires no feeding while motionless, still it must be fed periodically if used regularly. Until the time when the tricyclist can dismount at his inn with the certainty that in the morning he will find his accumulator fully charged up with the electric machine of the inn, also used for lighting and agricultural purposes, electric tricycle tours must be limited. But when that time (not probably so very far in the future) arrives, the tricyclist will find the charge in his bill for the electric feed one of the smallest of the items entered.



It is not within the province of a reviewer, who ought to think of books without respect to their authors, to dwell upon the fact that "Kept in the Dark" (2 vols. Ghatto and Windus) is probably the last novel by Anthony Trollope that will ever come before him. But the thought of what "the last" means in this case to all readers of English fiction cannot but be present; and not the less so because we have never failed to point out what have seemed to us the defects in the work of the most successful novelist of our generation, while amply recognising those qualities which made his success a well-deserved certainty. In almost all respects, "Kept in the Dark" is typically characteristic both of the special topics of its author and of his manner of dealing with them, and might be made the text of a criticism upon his style and process generally. He has taken for his central situation the trouble of a young wife whose happiness, as well as her husband's, a most natural timidity in facing the confession of a most innocent and open secret very nearly destroys. A tragedy of two lives is developed from the most trivial want of complete openness; and the supreme importance of moral courage in seemingly immaterial trifles has seldom been illustrated so clearly as in Cecilia Western, who must in all respects retain a high place in Mr. Trollope's gallery of heroines. "My real mission is to make young ladies talk," is one of his reported self-criticisms, and he has certainly not often made young ladies talk better than in these pages. It is to be hoped that his experience did not include many such young ladies as Miss Altifloria, but she is an excellently finished portrait of a very actual, if happily exceptional, nature. The male characters do not stand out quite so clearly. The reader will find it less easy than his wife found it to receive George Western back into favour without even the formality of a pardon, and Sir Francis Geraldine is almost too mean and complete a villain for so simple a story. But, even as his last heroine is one of his best, so have very few of Mr. Trollope's works contained, within so small a compass, so much of his characteristic good sense, unflinching wholesome and manly spirit, and humour which is felt rather than perceived. The crown of his work he reached long ago; but "Kept in the Dark" is not unworthy of the hand which has done so much to keep English fiction for old and young healthy and pure, and which is therefore likely to be needed more than ever as time goes on.

There is the sort of ability in the anonymous novel, "Mrs. Raven's Temptation" (3 vols. Bentley and Son), which will remind readers of Mrs. Henry Wood, although with a certain difference—the latter consisting mainly in greater complexity of plot and a more extreme defiance of probability. As to the last matter, it is not likely that a more improbable story has ever been written. Considering the number of lost or changed or otherwise confused children, of whom most turn out to be the last persons suspected of being hidden in them, even to hint at the nature of the plot would be impossible. This is on the whole an advantage for everybody concerned, seeing that the one element of interest in the novel is a most elaborate mystery, or rather mystification, in the course of which a gang of ghosts are pitted against a detective of the good old fashioned kind—a quality in which the ghosts are very far from resembling him. The course of this mystery, prodigiously improbable as it all is, succeeds in piquing curiosity and sustaining it, for it includes that amount of novelty which should be essential to a novel. Everything is, moreover, made perfectly clear—a matter of no little difficulty—some good things are said here and there, and the humbler characters are made picturesque and life-like. Readers who require nothing better than harmless amusement will certainly find what they require in "Mrs. Raven's Temptation," though the less they reflect upon the source of the pleasure it may give them the better satisfied they will be. The value of the story is not great, but it could not have

been written without talent of a very special sort, and a power of construction by no means common.

The author of "Recommended to Mercy" has in his latest novel, "Lost in the Crowd; or, Better Broken than Kept" (3 vols. F. V. White and Co.), illustrated one of the doctrines of heredity in a very curious way. The son of a white father and an octoroon mother, and the husband of an English wife, knowing nothing of his descent, is startled by becoming the father of a black child—the colour reappearing in a far-off descent in accordance with a very popular theory. This, however, though unquestionably the most striking point in the story, is a mere episode in a plot which, in considerably less degree than the last-named novel, turns principally upon lost or confused identity. Prejudice against colour, as already suggested, obtains a leading place as an element in the plot; though we doubt if in this country, at any period, this held the social importance which the author ascribes to it, on the ground, perhaps, of the practice of free and equal America in the matter. "Lost in the Crowd" cannot claim high praise on any ground, whether of literary or constructive merit, and is on the whole of the ultra-sentimental order. But it is on the better side of the average.

We learn from its preface that the able temperance novel, "The Westons of Riverdale; or, the Trials and Triumphs of Temperance Principles," by E. C. A. Allen (1 vol.: Hodder and Stoughton), is reprinted by reason of the great demand for it and because of the good it has done. The interest of the story is certainly considerable, and a fair share of the good that can be done by means of domestic fiction against so vast an evil may justly be expected from the "Westons of Riverdale."

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

V.

ONLY the rearguard of the Christmas books come straggling in at present, for all Christmas adjuncts are brought out so much in advance of the season nowadays that the late comers stand a poor chance if they appear too near Yuletide. Still, there are several well worth looking at, such as another of those cheery American stories which Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge tells with such spirit. All those young people who have not yet made acquaintance with "Donald and Dorothy" (Warne) in the pages of *St. Nicholas* may be recommended to get the volume at once, as they will not only enjoy the happy scenes of Transatlantic childhood, but will find a flavour of mystery into the bargain. Two charming portraits of English boys contrast with these hardy, independent types or American youth—the heroes of Miss E. C. Phillips's "St. Aubyn's Laddie" (Griffith and Farran). Written with pleasing simplicity, this pathetic little tale is told in just that natural, life-like style which rivets childish interest.—The girls are the chief figures in the three next volumes. Like one of the French books we mentioned last week, here are the adventures of a waxen baby, described by Mrs. Gellie in "Dolly Dear" (Griffith and Farran), whose heroine—worth better illustrations, by the by—acts the good fairy by influencing the various mistresses into whose hands she falls.—Human, not dollish influence, reclaims "Naughty Miss Bunny" (Blackie), whose reformation is pleasantly narrated by Miss C. Mulholland; while Miss R. Mulholland merrily depicts a delightfully naughty quartette in "Four Little Mischiefs" (Blackie).—The children of "Anyhow Stories" (Macmillan) belong more to Dreamland; and Mrs. W. K. Clifford's allegories are poetically conceived, if occasionally a trifle sad and mystical for childish comprehension. Miss Dorothy Tennant supplies some attractive illustrations.

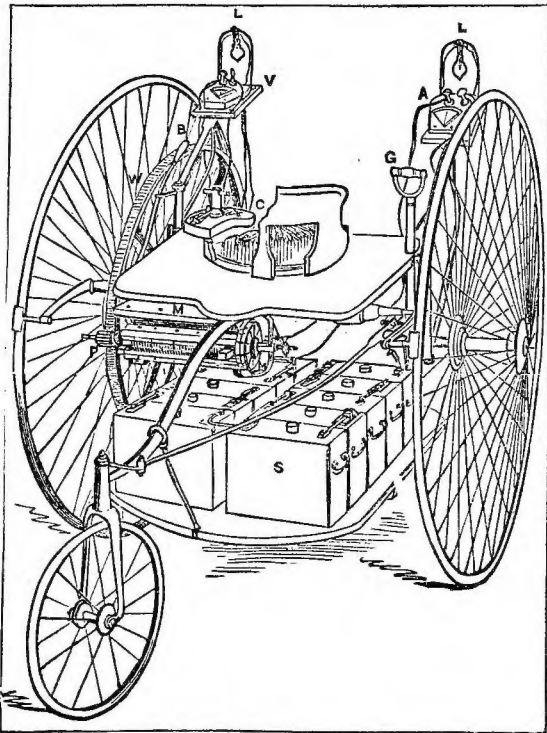
Chronicles of ancient chivalry have been pretty frequently dipped into this winter, but Mr. Ascot R. Hope has again pulled out a plum in "Stories of Old Renown" (Blackie). Many a famous knight and hero live again in these pages—Ogier, the Dane, Guy of Warwick, &c.—their adventures being neatly put into modern guise, and illustrated by Gordon Browne with taste and humour. Other notable characters of a past age—the heroes of the old Italian Comedy of Masks—tread the stage in "The Prince of a Hundred Soups" (Unwin) fitly got up in old-fashioned garb. Purporting to be the MS. of a queer German enthusiastic, this story uses the Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, &c., of the puppet show as figures in a serio-comic sketch, which under Mr. Vernon Lee's "editorship" is quaintly imagined, and well worth reading. So, too, is the clever study of mild insanity struggling towards recovery in "Doctor Ben" (Trübner), one of the American Round Robin series whose authors conceal their names. A decidedly striking volume this, written with no small power and insight, and travelling considerably out of the track of ordinary novels. Not so Mrs. Marshall's "Constantia Carew" (Seeley), which, though unexceptionable in tone, does not vary from the commonplace type of religious novelettes for young ladies, but is filled with the stereotyped figures of the poor clergyman's family, the vulgar *nouveau riche*, &c. If a little old-fashioned in style, Mr. Sargent's "The Franklins" (Religious Tract Society) is so full of stirring incidents and sterling common sense as to atone for occasional prosiness.

Among this host of stories the sketches of Northern scenes and people embodied in "Picturesque Scotland" (Sangster) provide a pleasing change. We like the text better than the illustrations, which are mostly mediocre; while Messrs. F. Watt and A. Carter have compiled a very agreeable gossiping chronicle of old legends and historical associations connected with the chief Scottish beauties, worked in with slight descriptions of most noted places. Frequently they quote from well-known Scotch bards, and altogether the volume is thoroughly readable.

At this time of Christmas parties people are often sadly puzzled what to wear at fancy balls. If they will dip into Arden Hult's capital "Fancy Dresses Described," and "Gentlemen's Fancy Dress" (Wyman), they will only suffer from an *embarras de choix*. Here are innumerable character succinctly described, and in many cases illustrated, and full directions given for making many costumes, at home.

The union of soft-tinted pictures and merry verses for little folk is now so familiar as to need little description. Tastefully coloured, all Messrs. Dean's contributions will find plentiful readers, whether they describe childish recreations such as the "Tiny Lawn Tennis Club," by "M. A. C.," which is full of graceful designs, tell of village children and humble life in "Sunny Hours and Pretty Flowers," by Mabel and G. Lambert, relate comic stories of people and animals in "The Light of the Nursery," by E. Dewane, or depict merry birds and beasts in "Dottie's Pets," by "E. O. A." and "M. A. C."—a capital little book. There is the same combination in "Little Dot and Her Friends" (Religious Tract Society) for older children, though here the pictures are occasionally more brilliant than tasteful. Then in black and white here are both literary and artistic excerpts from *Little Folks* in "The Little People's Album" (Cassell), and plentiful engravings and short descriptions in big type for unpractised eyes in "Boop" (Cassell).

Musicians have their turn in the "Pauer Birthday Book" (Simpkin and Marshall), wherein Herr Pauer records the births of famous musicians and quotes appropriate criticisms; while another specimen of the same class is "The Evening and the Morning" (Religious Tract Society), adorned by flowers and texts. The works of "Oliver Wendell Holmes" have now been added to Messrs. Routledge's Red Line Poets, while a fresh edition has appeared of Mrs. Mackarness's "Trap to Catch a Sunbeam" (Crosby Lockwood).



s Accumulators containing the store of electric power. M Professors Ayrton and Perry's Electro motor for converting the electric power into mechanical power. P Small-toothed wheel on the rapidly revolving spindle of motor, and gearing into the large-toothed wheel w on the driving-wheel of the tricycle. c Electric current tap. b Handle of brake. G Steering handle. A Professors Ayrton and Perry's Ammeter for measuring the electric current passing through the motor. v Professor Ayrton and Perry's Voltmeter for measuring the electro-motive force, or electric pressure, between the ends of the motor. L L Small incandescent electric lamps, each giving about four candles of illumination.

PROFESSORS AYRTON AND PERRY'S ELECTRIC TRICYCLE

body contains its breakfast of oats and hay—with this difference, that in the accumulator it is the receptacle alone which has weight, so that neither on receiving its feed in the morning, nor in discharging its power during the day, does the accumulator gain or lose in weight. The rider sits on the seat (shown in section in the illustration) with the steering handle G in his right hand, and with his left on the electric supply tap c. If he wishes to go faster or uphill he turns on the tap a little, lets the electricity run out of the boxes faster, and thus causes the motor M to work more powerfully; while, on the contrary, if he is going along the level, or down hill, he can shut off the supply tap more or less. Indeed, in some cases, we understand that the inventors have arranged that, in going down hill, the electro motor, which generally uses up electric power, is converted temporarily into a generator, and furnishes electric power, thus charging up the accumulators and acting as a brake. The economy arising from this double function of the motor is analogous with what would occur if, when an ordinary carriage went down hill, putting on the brake not only hooked the nosebag on to the horse, but generated the oats necessary to fill it up for each feed.

The motor seen under the seat in our illustration, although small enough to be used in a tricycle, is exactly of the same size as that used to drive the twelve-foot metal lathe, and hence an idea can be formed of the power it can exert. The present electric tricycle is a converted one, that is, the ordinary foot treadles and chain gearing have been replaced by the electric arrangements; but we understand that the inventors, encouraged by the success of this first machine, have designed a strong light tricycle, especially adapted for being worked with their patent electric motor, fed by accumulators. With the present converted tricycle, when weighted with a rider of



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Packets 6d. or 1s., or tins 6d., 1s. 4d., 2s. 8d., 5s., or 7s. 6d.

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Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.

GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoa Thickened with Water, and with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. In tins, at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c., by Chemists, Grocers, &c.

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A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge.

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CONSTIPATION, Hemorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Cerebral Congestion

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THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, for Curing Colds, Catarrhs, and Affections of the Respiratory Organs.

GLYKALINE effectually relieves Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent in winter, cleanses the bronchial tubes from Mucus, and relieves the breathing. By its use Colds are cured in a few hours. GLYKALINE is an unprecedented remedy in these complaints.

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"TATON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the valuable property of CURING cold in the head. The man who has discovered a surer remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the long-forgotten remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testimony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of colds. He writes disinterestedly, "desiring," as he says, "only to make known the healing properties of GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering human race."

GLYKALINE is the surest and speediest Remedy for relieving all who suffer from obstructed breathing. In bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Sold by all Chemists. Full directions with each bottle.

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THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, for Curing and Instantly relieving Toothache, Neuralgia, and Pains in the Nerves.

NEURALINE is known as a reliable specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and Sciatica. It relieves them INSTANTANEOUSLY, and will be found invaluable to all who are afflicted with these disorders.

NEURALINE seldom fails to give relief. It is in demand throughout the world. As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly celebrated, a single application (in many cases) permanently curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light House, Island of Lewis, N.B.:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."

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AN APPROVED APPLICATION FOR Preserving the Hands, the Skin, and Lips from Roughness, Chaps, &c.

AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps, and Unsightliness of the Skin after exposure to sea-air and cold. It renders the surface of the skin beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness, and the natural hue of health, without in any way injuring the skin or impeding the pores, but, on the contrary, AUROSINE is pleasant to use, agreeable in perfume, colourless, and not greasy. In bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d. each.

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ANTISEPTIC TOOTH TINCTURE, OR LIQUID DENTIFRICE. The Best Preparation for the Teeth and Gums. This elegant and approved preparation may be used in all confidence. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth, prevents decay, and preserves the enamel, hardens the Gums, and improves their colour. As an astringent, antiseptic, and detergent, this Tincture is much esteemed, and is in increasing demand. It effectually disguises the odour of Tobacco. In bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. Post free, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

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ODONTALGIC ESSENCE. A Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. It is applied on wool, and hardens in the cavity. This liquid stopping, when it hardens, protects the exposed nerve from cold or from any foreign substance, and while giving security and ease, causes no inconvenience. This Essence cures Toothache, and makes mastication possible. The application is simple. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

WORM POWDERS. Specially prepared from Chenopodium Anthelminticum. These powders are suitable both for Children and Adults. They are very effective in expelling Worms, especially the smaller kinds, which are the cause of many children's ailments. Intestinal worms of various dimensions are effectually removed by these Powders, and both adults and young children have found speedy relief by the use of them. The appetite and general health greatly improve, no nausea is created, and they are in no way dangerous. Directions with each box. Price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., post free.

PHOSPHO-MURIATE of Quinine. SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR GENERAL DEBILITY. This reliable Specific possesses numerous important features. It removes Lassitude, braces the system, relieves Headache, tranquillises the Sleep, soothes the Throat, strengthens the Memory, equalises the Spirits, and thus is a corrective of Nervousness, Excitement, and Depression. Sufferers from Exhaustion and Brainweariness will gain speedy relief. Directions with each bottle. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s.

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DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT SOAP. We have succeeded in bringing this Soap to perfection. As a Soap there is nothing superior. It is perfectly pure, as free as possible from soda, producing a soft white creamy lather, most agreeable to the skin, is perfectly soluble in the hardest water, washing or shaving with it is a luxury. A single trial will convince any one that we have said no more concerning it than its excellent qualities warrant. In Boxes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. each, containing three cakes each. The above articles obtainable from all Chemists and from

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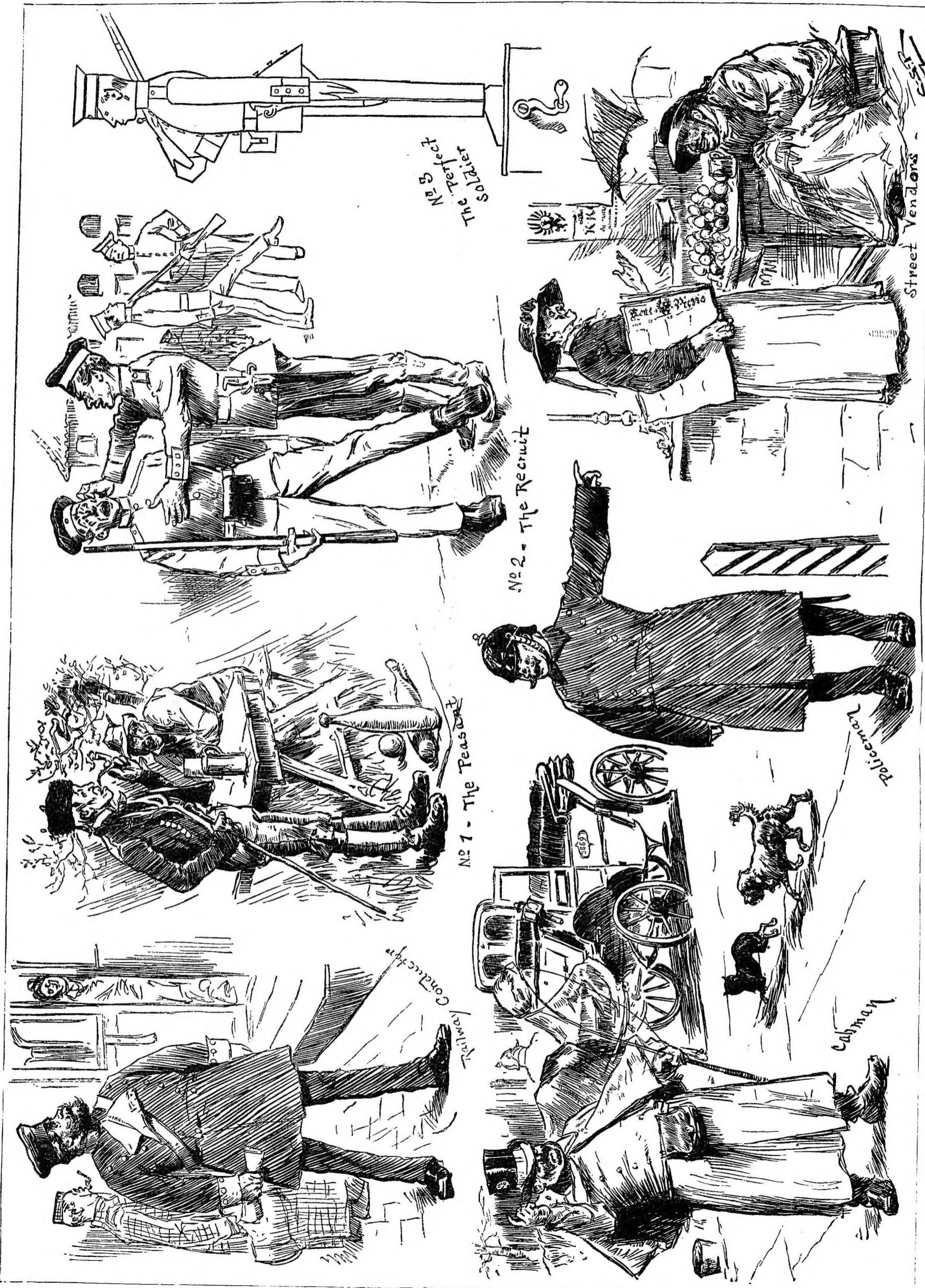
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